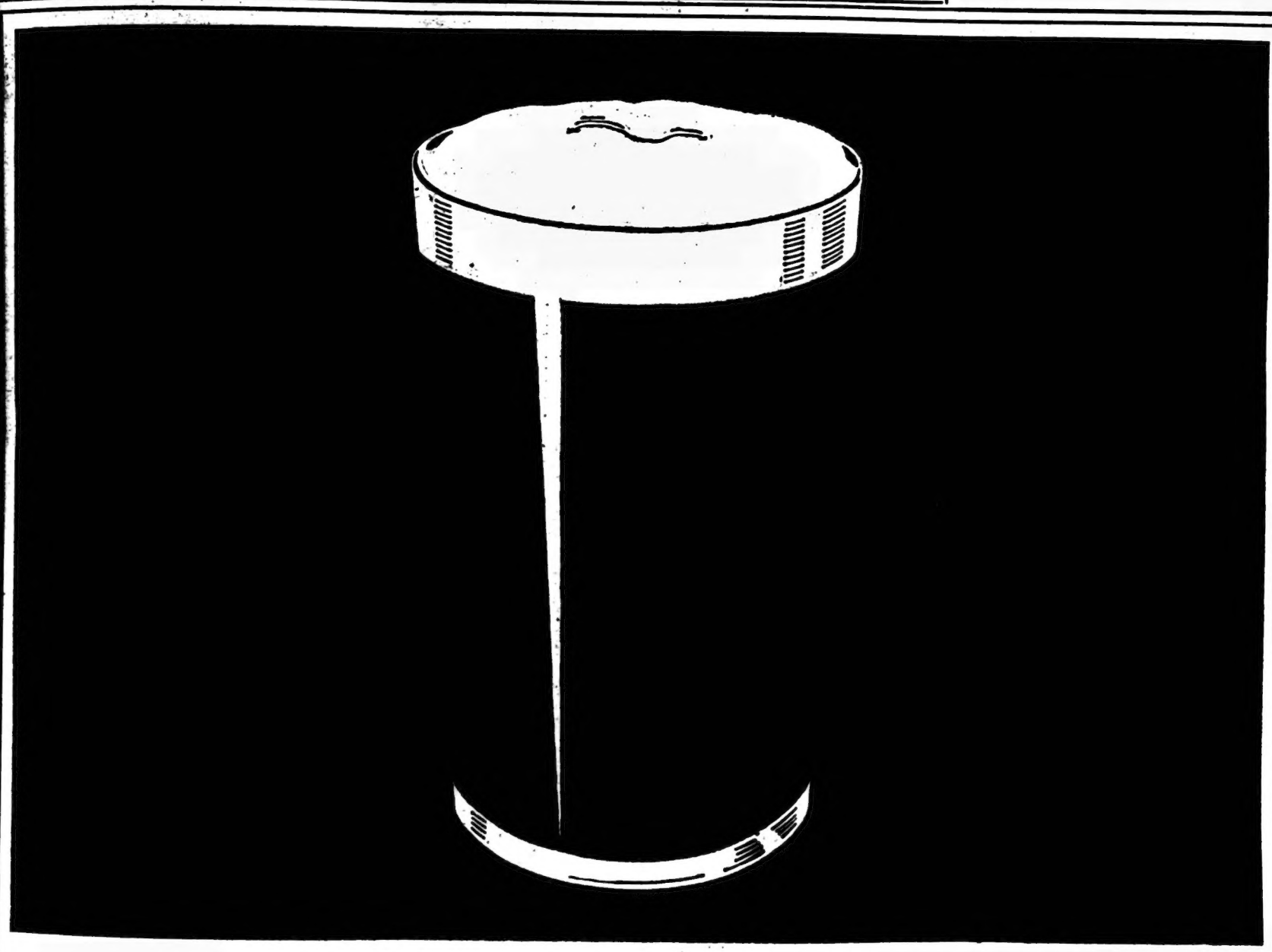
JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 4, 1939
VOL. LXVI. 1742

TWO BIG PRIZE COMPETITIONS

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE



It's good to get home to a GUINNESS

You've been working hard—you need a Guinness to refresh you. You're tired, physically and mentally—a glass of Guinness is a cheerful sight.

Guinness might have been specially made for times like these. To strengthen and encourage you, there's nothing like a Guinness.

GE.9413

THE DRAMATIC STORY OF THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19TH

* THOUSANDS OF LETTERS TELL THE EPIC LAUNCHING OF "JOHN BULL'S"

FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

for every "John Bull" reader

OCTOBER 19TH, 1939! On the morning of October 19th, "John Bull" made a dramatic announcement—Free Air Raid Insurance!—the most momentous step ever to be taken by a journal on behalf of its readers. A £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy—underwritten at Lloyd's — absolutely Free for every reader! It was almost too good to be true! But it was true.

ACCLAIMED!

OCTOBER 19TH, 1939! A few hours after "John Bull's" announcement in homes throughout the land a burden is lifted. The note of acclamation swells as the good tidings is passed from neighbour to neighbour and from friend to friend. A woman picks up a pen and there and then writes to "John Bull." It is a letter that is typical of thousands which quickly begin to invade "John Bull's" offices—a letter that is of the people—a letter that might well have been written *for* the people.

"After our great scare on Monday in an air raid, it is wonderful to get 'John Bull' today and read about Free Air Raid Insurance. It is very close when a German plane is chased right over the house and shrapnel falls in the streets. You are always doing something to help your readers.
"Every good wish for the continuous publication of our 'John Bull.'" Mrs. D. A.
2, Comely Bank Street, Edinburgh.

And here are extracts from other letters picked at random from pile upon pile :—

"I think it is a most marvellous idea of yours. It really deserves the highest praise and also makes us feel more safe for the future." Mr. H. S.
36, North Street, Farncombe, Surrey.

FROM A NEWSAGENT.
"Allow me to congratulate you for having the courage to keep on with your Free Insurance Scheme and even to extend it to include war risks. Your paper deserves to prosper, and if we newsagents can help you—we will."
Mr. S. J.
25, Dunrobin Street, Longton, Stoke-on-Trent.
"I congratulate you on this Bold and Comprehensive Scheme." Mr. J. P.
3, Bar Street, Norwich.

And still more and more letters arrive by every post, eloquent testimony to "John Bull's" understanding of the needs of its readers, eloquent, too, of "John Bull's" foresight and capacity for timely action—action the magnitude of which has captured the imagination of the whole nation.

The Government supplied shelters, "John Bull" completes this protection by providing an assurance of financial assistance for dependents in case of need. As in Peace, so in War, "John Bull" stands four square as the guardian of the people.

The Free Air Raid Insurance Policy which "John Bull" offers every reader could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium.

A registered reader automatically qualifies for the benefits provided by this Free Air Raid Insurance as well as a Comprehensive Household Security Gift.

There is no need to re-register unless you have changed your address or newsagent. If you are registered tear out this page and hand it to a friend. He will thank you.

If you have not yet registered, do not delay. Use the Forms at the foot of this page to-day. DO IT NOW, not only for your own sake but for the sake of your family.

AIR RAID BENEFITS

£200 should the Registered Reader and his wife be killed.
£100 for either.

The following Benefits also apply to both husband and wife:

£100 for loss of two limbs.
£100 for loss of sight of both eyes.
£100 for loss of one limb and sight of one eye.
£50 for loss of one limb.
£50 for loss of sight of one eye.

The above benefits will be paid for death or injury as defined caused by any aircraft anywhere in the United Kingdom, including injury caused by bombs, splinters of bombs, shells, projectiles or missiles, collapse of buildings, and poisoning or blindness by gas or liquid released by any aircraft.

COMPREHENSIVE HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS

FIRE	up to £1,000
GAS EXPLOSION ...	up to £100
BURST HOT-WATER PIPES	... up to £100
STORM & FLOOD ...	up to £300
BURGLARY AND HOUSEBREAKING ...	up to £500
DAMAGE BY LIGHTNING ...	... up to £300
DAMAGE TO WIRELESS	... up to £10

ONE REGISTRATION COVERS HUSBAND & WIFE.

A Certificate of Registration containing the full terms of the Free Insurance will be sent to every reader on Registration.

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date_____/ .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 4/11/39.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of John Bull. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. Letter setting out the full Benefits and Certificate certifying registration will be sent. Stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for reply.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

FREE!

Look for this cover in colour.

Magnificent
16-PAGE SOUVENIR
of M-G-M's Screen Epic
"GOODBYE Mr. CHIPS"
inside every copy of
PICTUREGOER
JUST OUT 2d

CARPET BARGAINS

Illus. Bargain Catalogue post free.

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/-, carr. 1/- ex., we will forward direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brusselette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered, in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Green, Brown, Blue, Rose and Art Colourings to suit all requirements and large enough to cover any ordinary-sized room. They are made of material equal to wool and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands repeat Orders. With every Carpet we absolutely give away a handsome Rug to match. SPECIAL OFFER: 2 carpets, 2 Rugs and 2 door mats for 20/- Carriage Paid. Cash or C.O.D. F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Wesley Road, Leeds.

to all purchasers of our A.R.P. Black-Out Blinds (NAVY BLUE) Sizes 72 x 36 to 72 x 48 Hemmed for rod.

3 for 5/- 7 for 10/-

All above sizes post free. Larger sizes made to order. 10/- BONUS. To advertise our Catalogue every purchaser of 7 Blinds for 10/- will receive 10/- WORTH OF GOODS ENTIRELY FREE, which they may select from our Catalogue of Blankets, Bedding, Ladies' & Gent's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Watches, Clocks, A.R.P. Necessities, etc. Don't miss this opportunity.

3 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 5/- Bonus for 5/- only, or 7 Navy Blue A.R.P. Blinds and 10/- Bonus for 10/- only. This AMAZING OFFER is open for TEN DAYS ONLY. So send NOW.

LANCASHIRE PRODUCTS
(Dept. J.B.), 10, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2.

SELLING OFF! Owing to war, stock must be sold within next few days. Desperate prices! Amazing bargains! Callers welcomed—open till 8 p.m. ALL BRAND NEW GOODS. SOPRANI, 41 piano, 120 bass, coupler (listed £21). £9.10.0! CRUCIANELLI, 41 piano, 120 bass, 4-voice (listed £24). £10.10.0! BERTINI, curved keyboard, 41 piano, 120 bass, coupler (listed £24). £10.10.0! BERTINI artist model, 41 piano, 120 bass, 4-voice, treble and bass couplers (listed £29). £11.10.0! SOPRANI, 41 piano, 120 bass, 4-voice, with 3 couplers (listed £30). £12.10.0! BERTINI super artist model, 41 piano, 120 bass, 4-voice, fitted 5 couplers (listed £34). £14.0.0! Etc. Cash or terms and part exchanges. Write for full lists.

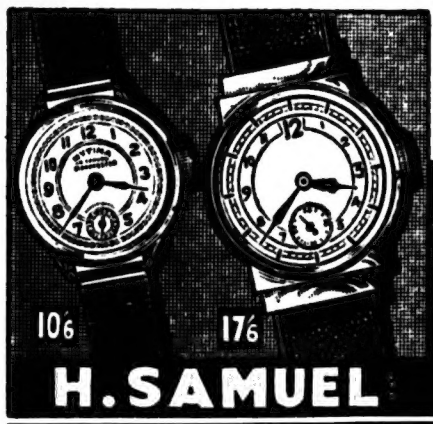
FRANCIS, J.B.7, 99/69a, ESSEX ROAD, LONDON, N.1.

Lights change with touch of finger. Complete with special A.R.P. Battery L.T. (repeatable). Handy pocket size, automatic 3-way switch. Invented and manufactured for **War Service** and at pre-war price of 2/9, post, etc., 3d. Take notice of a coroner's recent warning but buy this torch, made for a **specific purpose.** First 5,000 ready so buy now to avoid disappointment. *Spare Batteries 2 for 9d. (post 3d.). 5 for 2/- (no 1 free).*

G. DAVIES (Dept. J.B.T.1.), Government Contractor
Excel House, Whitcomb Street, Leicester Sq., W.C.2.

PACKED WITH BARGAINS

GET your copy of H. SAMUEL'S WONDER BOOK of the year } **FREE!**



LOSE no time. Here's a book that will show you how to save pounds. Beautiful diamond and gem-set rings, thoroughly reliable watches, fine jewellery of every description—offered to you at H. Samuel's famous money-saving direct-from-factory prices. Bargains meet you on every page, bargains that only H. Samuel can offer. You must get this wonder Bargain Book. Look at the watch value below. Chromium cases. High-grade movements.

Headquarters: MARKET ST., MANCHESTER

FREE! H. Samuel's new book of GOOD Watches for Active Service, Diamond Rings, Jewellery, Silverware, Clocks, Cutlery, etc. Post to H. Samuel, Dept. 191, Market St., Manchester, 1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

(Post in unsealed envelope, ½d. stamp.)

Further consignment from World's Fair Surplus Order makes such amazing offer possible. Place lighter to cigarette and draw—that's all! No sparks, flame, smoke or smell, yet gives quick, positive light EVEN IN A GALE OR DOWNPOUR. Works every time. The ideal "Black-out" Lighter. Smaller than lipstick. Usually 6/6. Our price only 3/9, post 3d., complete and ready for use. Send P.O. 4/- NOW or call.

Trade enquiries invited. DAVIES & DYWIEN LTD. (MODERN PRODUCTS DEPT. J.B.), 55, Barnard St., London, W.1. *Telephone: MUS 6930*

PARENTS WHAT OF THE NIGHT?

NO PLEASURE OUT-OF-DOORS NOW

Find fun for all the family with a Riley "Home" Billiard Table

8/6 DOWN brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid. Here is the ideal method of finding relief from today's worries. 7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL GIVEN. Pay balance as you play. A size for every room. Write for Art List of all types.

E. J. RILEY Ltd.
ANSON WORKS, ACCRINGTON, or Dept. 12, 4 & 47, Rougate St., Ludgate, E.C.1

I WILL MAKE YOU A BRILLIANT PIANIST

I DO not say I may—I say positively that I WILL! if I accept you as my pupil. You need no cleverness, only ordinary everyday intelligence and willingness. If a Beginner you quickly learn from Ordinary Music to play easily, Dances, Songs, Hymns and Gems from the Great Masters. If already a player, in a few weeks the whole practise of your art shall be positively and literally transformed! BY POST, crystal clear, Musicianly Training, a child could follow. A teacher by your side always—not for merely half an hour weekly. If you wish to play to the pleasure of every listener—you shall! Ordinary musical notation only used (no freakish methods) enabling you to read and play at sight any standard musical composition. I HAVE TAUGHT OVER 31,000 ADULT PUPILS DURING 35 YEARS, AND I CAN TEACH YOU.

PROOF:—Moderate 48983, Age 25:—"The other day a lady singer asked me to accompany her in a couple of songs, and I surprised myself by playing both pieces right through at sight first time, a thing that would have been impossible only a short time ago; the lady in question also passed the remark that I played very well, an achievement of which I owe a great deal to your fine teaching." Beginner 49112, Age 40: "I am completely satisfied."

Send p.c. for free book, "Mind, Muscle and Keyboard," and Form for free advice. Say if Moderate, Elementary, or Beginner.

Mr. H. BECKER (*British by Birth and Descent*)
(Dept. 281), 69, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Buy your Murphy NOW

Well, here it is—the increase in prices that we've been fighting against for two months. Solid facts, in the form of increased costs of manufacture and materials, can't be dodged indefinitely. I'm very sorry about it, more sorry than I can say. All our past effort has been to improve the value for money in our sets. Now War comes and we find ourselves fighting even to hold the gains we've made. I don't pretend to know what will happen to prices as the months go by. I only know that the country's War needs must come first and we who sell and buy wireless sets must expect difficult times.

Prices of most, though not all, Murphy Sets, have been increased by small amounts, but in only one case more than 5 per cent. I cannot say for how long or short a time these new prices will hold. Some of you may think that this is a cheap trick to get you to buy a set quickly. You must think what you like. My advice to you is to buy as soon as you can. I want to add that I've hated writing this advertisement. I've used our old "slogan" for a title, but for a much less satisfactory reason than originally.

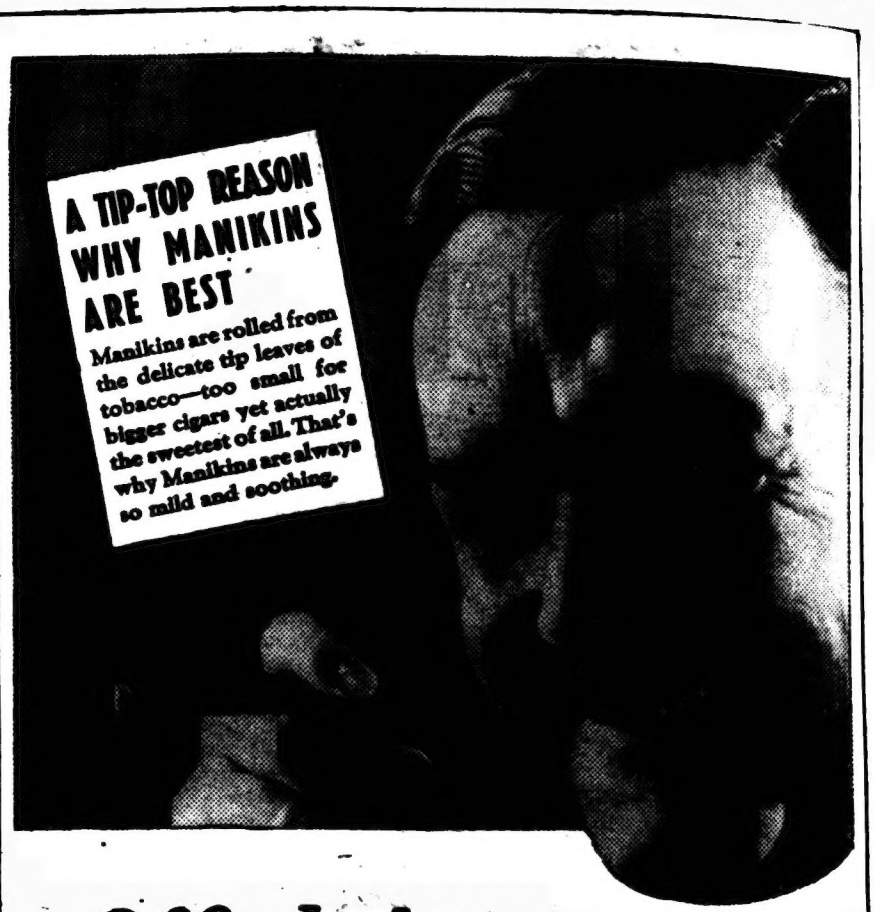
E. J. POWER, *Managing Director.*

MURPHY
RADIO

Prices of some popular Murphy Models.

'70' ALL WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL	B.81 BATTERY PORTABLE MODEL	'72' ALL WAVE MAINS TABLE MODEL	B.69 BATTERY TABLE MODEL
NO CHANGE	NEW PRICE	NEW PRICES	NO CHANGE
A.C. £10 . 5	£9	A.C. £13 . 0	£9
D.C./A.C. £10 . 10		D.C./A.C. £13 . 10	

G.R.C. 26


A TIP-TOP REASON WHY MANIKINS ARE BEST
Manikins are rolled from the delicate tip leaves of tobacco—too small for bigger cigars yet actually the sweetest of all. That's why Manikins are always so mild and soothing.

Off duty— Make it a Manikin

NO good over-doing it. Pack up for a bit if you can, and be thankful for the comforts of your home: firelight and the easy chair. Enjoy a peaceful half-hour with a Manikin Cigar: the fragrance of its flavour will bring you contentment and soothe your nerves.

5 FOR 1/-

METAL POCKET CASE
15 FOR 3/-

MILD HAVANA FLAVOUR

MADE BY J. R. FREEMAN & SON, LTD. • ESTABLISHED 1839

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, November 4, 1939. 93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

FOUR WORDS TERRIFY HITLER

FOUR words are chilling Hitler, cheering Democracy.

Revolution from the Right!

This message is the outcome of secret talks by German social democrats, who still have great influence with German workers, despite Nazism.

Endorsing Our Aims

After roundabout consultations with British labour leaders, they have decided to endorse British war aims.

They are **determined that when Hitler is overthrown the new Government will be composed, not of Communists, but of representatives of the moderates who were the backbone of the Republic.**

Hitler knows that such a move would receive widespread support, probably even the powerful aid of the Army.

His Tactics Fail

It is the move he has always feared.

His constant harping on the dangers of a Revolution on the Left was intended to offset any chance of a Right Revolution.

Bogy-in-Arms

He fears the four million German Communists only because of their sabotage activities. He held up Bolshevism as a bogy to scare the moderates.

Now that he's clasped the bogy to his bosom, he can no longer pretend that Hitlerism is the bulwark against anarchy.

No False Starts

So the chances of a Revolution from the Right are brighter than for many years.

But don't expect early and sensational developments.

Democrats will carry out their plans slowly and carefully, will not imitate the brave but inopportune Czech revolt.

Their Greatest Ally

Time will be their greatest ally, time that will enlighten the German peasants as to the real results of Nazism.

The mutual understanding between British and German labour spokesmen is shared also by the Scandinavian leaders.

Creaking Wheels

Hitler is confronted by another industrial menace. His industry is creaking louder than the ravings of Goebbels, thanks to his political grafters, who have plundered it for their own ends.

Goering's Purge

Position became so bad two months ago that Goering himself had to order a purge. He cleared out many of the Party bosses who had collared soft jobs in key trades and slowed down production.

Nazi New Deal

Industrialists are still aggrieved because of the crushing taxation. Income tax has been stepped up by 50 per cent.

Workers are going slow. Transport is dislocated owing to war needs.

Hitler has been told that he must give his industry a New Deal or deal with a complete breakdown.

Spanner Throwing

Britain, too, has bosses who are throwing spanners among the cogs. Difference is that there's enough democracy left here to bring them into the light of public exposure. Here they are tinkering with an efficient machine. German bunglers are impeding a machine that was rusty before they took over the controls.

Sack 'Em All

Yet our muddlers must be sacked. Britain can't afford to keep them.

Muddlers sent back a cargo of 250 tons of food to the United States because the importers hadn't a licence to land it at our ports.

Imbeciles have given us Pools again, not football pools, but giant monopolies that are crippling supplies of petrol, tea, fats and heaven knows what else.

Miserable Misers

Misers want to ration us to two or three ounces of butter a week, though the Dominions have promised ample supplies.

Incompetents let a thousand tons of butter and bacon go bad because of delay in despatching it.

None of these bureaucrats would be missed.

They are Dunderheads

We have the men, we have the money, for all our war purposes.

We haven't the patience to allow a few dunderheads to waste both men and money.

We Can Take It

They weaken not only the nation's business but the nation's morale.

We are prepared for all that Hitler, Man-Mountain Goering, Lie-Doctor Goebbels and the rest of that infamous gang may hurl against us.

Our Fighting Forces can give more than we receive. Our people will not be beaten either by bombs or bluster.

But we must not be discouraged by the knowledge that a handful of plutocratic incompetents are anxious to tie our hands with red tape.

Men Being Wasted

Miners are on short time at many pits, yet we're told that coal must be rationed.

We might do worse than keep the home fires burning with piles of official paper descending on the heads of the public.

Some of these papers defeat their own object. Petrol ration books, for example.

Hold Up—Official

A firm couldn't despatch a load of essential parts for Bren guns for 16 days because there was no petrol for the lorries.

It can't obtain payment for the work, maybe because the Ministry of Supplies is too engrossed with supplying conflicting instructions on official notepaper.

(Continued overleaf)

JOHN BULL'S ANSWER to HITLER!

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY for Every Reader

HITLER'S threats of a great offensive against this country which would result in an intensification of the air-menace has met with a characteristic, downright answer from "John Bull."

"John Bull" has taken a momentous step on behalf of its readers—a step that will give confidence and help to dispel anxiety—a step that is yet another shield of protection against Hitlerism.

"John Bull" offers free to every reader a £200 Air Raid Insurance Policy underwritten at Lloyds.

Such protection, which will provide comfort and a sense of Security in these anxious days, could not in the ordinary way be obtained except at a costly premium. Moreover, this Free Air Raid Insurance Policy is in addition to a comprehensive Household Security Gift.

You cannot afford to delay. The coupons are on page 2.

● Tin Miners Need More Brass
● Threat to Navy "Perks"
● "Luxury" on the Farm

Even worse is the scandal that our lads in France are having to buy gum-boots with their own pay. What fool is responsible for so glaring an omission in the Army's magnificent equipment?

Any Old Iron?

Why has the Iron and Steel Control, searching for scrap to help our arms programme, overlooked the old German guns littering villages and towns?

No reason why the trophies of the last war shouldn't help us to win this.

Where Praise is Due

But praise where it's due.

Praise the Home Office for its A.R.P. plans for animals.

If you're interested, you can do your bit. Ten thousand volunteers from all parts of the country are wanted to act as guards.

Each guard will look after one street. After a raid he will report any injured or lost animal to the nearest first aid post.

Poverty is No Bar

Posts have already been established and in most big towns veterinary surgeons and ambulances are being earmarked.

Next job is to compile a register of all domestic animals and supply identity discs.

There's no question of any animal being left off the register because the owner cannot afford a contribution towards the cost.

Scandal in the Offing

Another good mark is earned by the Government for calling in Scotland Yard to investigate expenditure on an Army camp.

You can expect a big scandal soon.

"Perks" Endangered

A development disquieting us is the suggestion that the system of Navy "perks" may be changed.

In the last war prize money resulting from captured contraband amounted to £16,035,000 and was distributed among all who served at sea.

Also, prize money was paid at the rate of £5 a head for the number on board an enemy warship that was captured or sunk, the money being divided among the crew that captured or sank each vessel.

They Deserve It!

We shan't grumble if that prize bounty, like prize money, is paid into a common pool. But we shall be angry if either perquisite is abolished.

That would be an unfair blow at a National Service that is by no means too highly paid.

Industrial Outcasts

Unfair, too, is the pittance paid to tin miners.

Some, working 870 ft. below ground, are paid 11½d. an hour, even for Sunday work. Near by, labourers at a military camp get 1s. 2d. an hour.

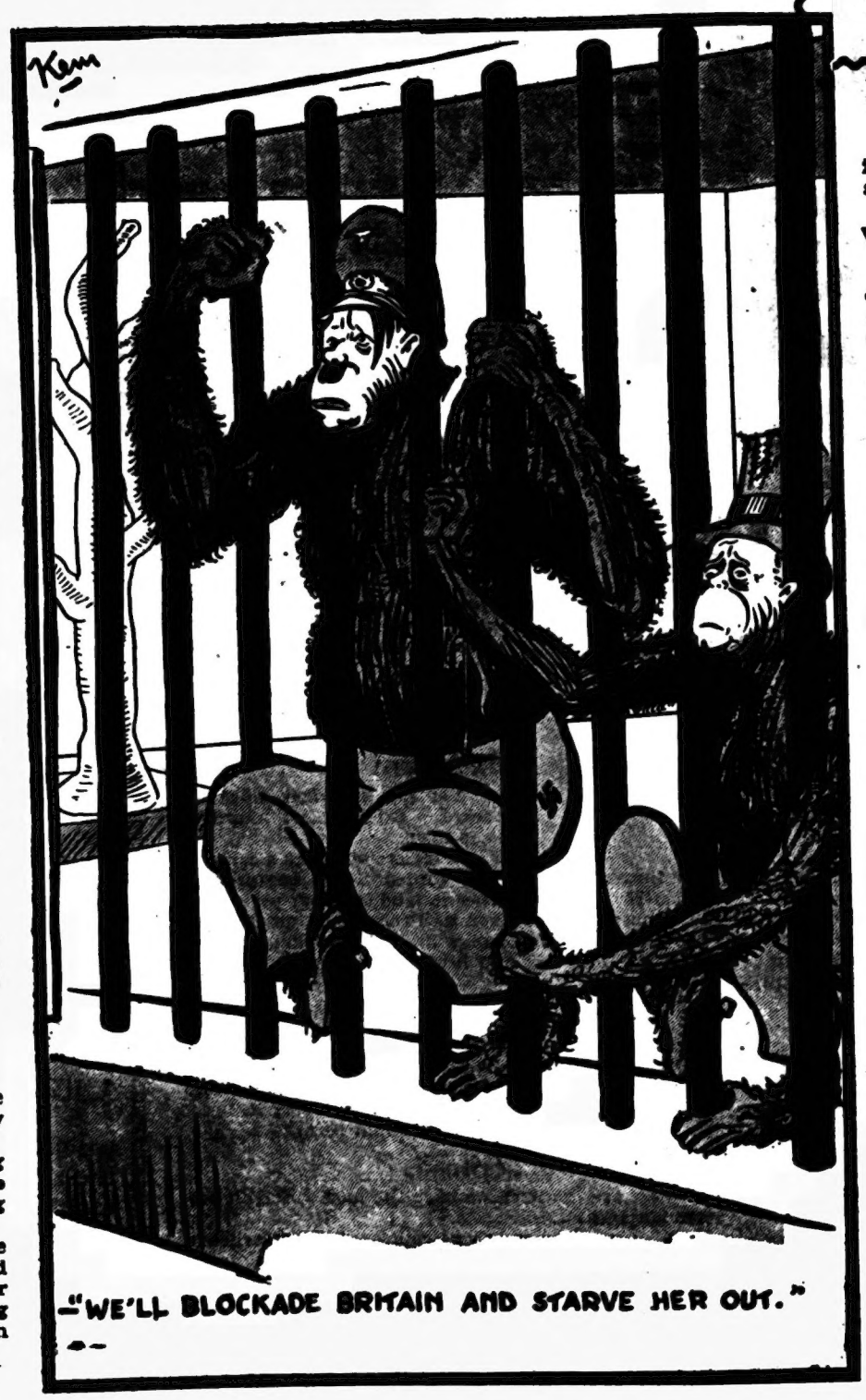
Seeing that tin now fetches £230 a ton and will probably be even dearer in the near future, miners can't be blamed if they feel they are industrial outcasts.

Are They Spoiled?

You'll be glad to hear that farm workers to-day get all the luxuries of civilisation, except, perhaps, a motor car.

That is what a farmer told the Oxfordshire Agricultural Wages Committee.

The Committee raised farm workers' pay from 35s. to 37s. 6d., but we still doubt whether they'll be able to afford the luxury of attending the county ball.



What Can They Do?

Other farming folk, from Berkshire to Argyll, are threatened with a loss of civilisation's prime necessity, a shelter.

Because bread-winners have been called up, many families have been threatened with eviction by the farmers owning their "tied" cottages.

There is no other accommodation available to them. What are they to do? Try to find a workhouse that is still open?

We're fighting against Hitlerism, not to raise a new army of little Hitlers.

Unpleasant Nonsense

That remark will also serve for the big-wigs of Manchester.

Because of an official mistake, auxiliary firemen thought that they were being underpaid. When they protested, they were brought before the Chief Constable and an Army officer, told they were liable to imprisonment, and dismissed the service.

Any recurrence of this unpleasant nonsense should lead to dismissals of a very different nature.

Blind Man Suffers

More senseless autocracy! A blind man has been summoned at Perth because two callers left his door open in a black-out!

The sheriff admonished him.

Short-sighted sheriff for not admonishing the officious police who took a blind and aged man nine miles to court!

KEM'S CANDID CARTOON

What Price Stupidity!

The next victim of official stupidity owns a 40-roomed mansion, stocked with art treasures, that has been commandeered by the New Dictators.

He has only the butler's pantry and a bedroom for his own use. He has had to dismiss his staff.

Last week, he was curtly ordered to dispose of his dogs "forthwith." Most of them have had to be destroyed. He cannot find his own possessions. His valuables (he is an art dealer) are being hopelessly damaged.

Maybe the public will have to foot the bill when the war is over. No consolation in that for either the public or the owner!

This is Generosity

Here's an example of private generosity. The Bennett College, of Sheffield, is giving free A.R.P. training courses to 10,000 students.

Mr. Bennett is proud of being British. Britain should be proud of Mr. Bennett.

Land Girls Left

On the other hand, many citizens who want to do their bit for their country are being left idle.

Girls who hastened to join the Land Army are complaining that no work is available for them. Many gave up jobs on enlisting, are now on the "dole."

This may be the quiet season of the farming year, but is there no way this labour can be used or properly trained?

Don't They Know?

Next query is addressed to those town councils raising house assessments. Haven't they read the Government's circular 1878, which, as we've told you, asked them to postpone the new lists until after the war?

Readers complaining of higher assessments should remind their council of this circular.

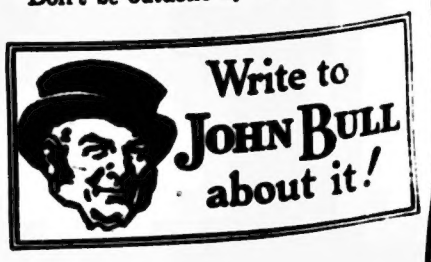
Worth remembering by war-hit householders, also, is that councils have the power to *reduce* rate payments in hard cases.

A Fine Example

Lastly, here's an excellent idea for every town. Residents of Welwyn Garden City have formed a Home Food Guild, a non-profit-making body designed to increase food production.

Already it is rearing a thousand chicks, has sections to deal with bee-keeping, vegetable-growing, and so on.

Don't be outdone by Welwyn!



Not only the British public but all our friends overseas are bewildered by the failure of British radio to grasp its tremendous opportunity.

B.B.C. BLACK-OUT

Mr. Winston Churchill's wireless address to the nation "was worth an Army Corps"

THE reply of Mr. H. A. L. Fisher to Sir Samuel Hoare's statement in the House of Commons only deepens the mystery that envelops the strange paralysis of the B.B.C.

That paralysis ever since the war began has been the subject of universal comment and of public astonishment and protest.

How strong and widespread the feeling of dissatisfaction is, is evidenced by the flood of complaints which pours into this office, in common, no doubt, with the experience of other journals.

One note that recurs in the criticisms is significant.

It is that the conduct of the B.B.C. provides an illustration of the methods of the Government which all can read and understand.

It is not possible for the public to appreciate the wisdom or unwisdom exercised in the vast field of operations connected with the conduct of the war.

We have to walk by faith and hope for the best.

But here is a sphere in which we can all judge.

And the question is asked whether the palsy that has fallen upon our broadcasting is typical of what is happening in the more vital affairs that lie beyond our ken.

What light does it throw, for example, on the amazing appointment of Sir John Gilmour to the control of our mercantile marine?

Is the same ineptitude prevailing in the economic field?

Is the truth about the Ministry of Information less disquieting?

There are two respects in which the B.B.C. should play a conspicuous part in the great drama in which the nation is engaged. In both it has so far conspicuously failed.

Take first its function at home. There is no more important factor in war than the spirit of the nations which are waging it.

GERMANY collapsed in the last war when the spirit of the people behind the lines broke, and the end of the present war will also be decided in the Home Fronts.

THE TASK OF KEEPING THE MORALE OF THE NATION HIGH AND CONFIDENT IS THEREFORE AS VITAL AS THAT OF KEEPING THE ARMY WELL SUPPLIED.

It is this task which broadcasting is miraculously adapted to fulfil.

By its means the Government can keep in daily and hourly touch with every home in the land, informing it, inspiring it, instructing it, entertaining it.

All the conditions of success are present. There is a clear field and no competition.

There is an eager and expectant people, convinced of its cause, solidly behind the Government, and anxious only to know how it can help.

It does not ask for secrets whose disclosure might help the enemy.

Nor does it wish for a diet of lies and boasts and slanders such as that with which Goebbels feeds the German people.

What it wants is the confidence of the Government, the feeling that it is being told all that it can safely be told, and the constant refreshment and inspiration of stirring and informative broadcasts.

Not least it wants the darkness and gloom of these days relieved by the best that the world of entertainment can give.

But in all these respects the public has found itself starved and defeated.

It listens with impatience to perfunctory bulletins repeated with "damnable iteration," quoting statements from Germany or America of the gravest moment to us without a word of agreement or denial, although the fact must be in our possession.

To take an example—one of a multitude. The sinking of the Booth liner by an armed raider was a menacing event that revived memories of the devastations of the *Emden*.

Everyone waited anxiously for news. Three weeks pass. Then we are told that a message from Buenos Ayres to a New York paper has stated that the raider has been sunk by a British cruiser.

Not a word of comment accepting or rejecting the statement.

You are left to believe it or not, as you like.

Yet the truth must be known to the Admiralty. And, if known, why should a rumour from abroad be solemnly offered to the British public as if the fact were still in doubt?

Even worse than the poverty and inadequacy of the news service is the lack of appeal.

UNTIL Mr. Churchill's broadcast a month ago, there had not been a single address to the thirsting people that rose in spirit and imagination to the great argument of the war.

The effect of that address was worth an army corps in the lift it gave to the national spirit.

WE SHOULD HAVE THE MOST POWERFUL VOICES AT OUR COMMAND ON THE AIR EVERY NIGHT TO ILLUMINE THE ISSUES AND INSPIRE THE NATION.

But it is the failure of the B.B.C. to provide the relaxation and relief so urgent in these times that is the source of most general complaint.

Listen to our nightly programme, and you might suppose that we were a nation of morons who had no appetite for anything but gramophone records of military marches and nasal croonings.

Turn on almost any foreign station and you will be shocked at the Philistine spectacle we offer to the world by comparison.

The gravest indictment against the B.B.C., however, is that relating to its failure to put our case effectively before the outside world.

From every quarter the complaint comes in gathering volume that we are beaten out of the field by Goebbels.

I have read in the past week or two friendly and anxious protests from South America, from the smaller European countries, from South Africa, even from India, against the miserably inadequate way in which the British case and the British effort is being broadcast.

They are driven in sheer hunger for news to turn from our niggardly incommunicativeness to the highly seasoned meats of the German wireless.

IT is no answer to say that they don't believe what they hear from Goebbels.

The ceaseless reiteration of lies does convince in the end where there is a failure to nail the lies to the counter.

This matter is of capital concern to us, for world opinion is one of the great imponderables of war.

We have every reason to expect that the imponderable is on our side, but we cannot presume that it is so, or that it will continue to be so if we rest conscious of the virtue of our case and leave the field to the most audacious propaganda of lies in history.

In this record of the failure of the B.B.C. it must be borne in mind that it is not that organisation itself that is alone to blame.

It is no longer an independent institution. It is as much an instrument of the Government as the German radio is an instrument of Hitler.

MOST OF ITS OFFENCES ARE ATTRIBUTABLE, NOT TO THE STAFF, BUT TO THE OVERLORDS WHO CONTROL IT, AND ESPECIALLY TO THAT MONSTROUS MINISTRY OF INFORMATION WHICH HAS BECOME A BY-WORD OF EXTRAVAGANCE, INEFFICIENCY AND CHAOS.

Mr. Fisher has related the circumstances in which the governors were deposed.

Their deposition cannot be dissociated from the paralysis that has afflicted the B.B.C. since the war began, and public resentment against that paralysis should be addressed, not to Broadcasting House, but to the Government.

Another Virile Article by A. G. GARDINER

Here are the Answers

The R.A.F. has been in action over land and sea since the war began. There have been dozens of communiqués about combats over hostile territory and against enemy aircraft. Yet no pilots' names have been given with the exception of two decorated heroes of the Kiel Canal raid. Why?

Modern high-speed warplane tactics is a matter of "team work." The new R.A.F. lays stress on this quality. It is the flight *unit* that does the job, and authorities believe that to single out individual pilots for mention, except in very special circumstances, would be unfair to the team.

Also, existing R.A.F. lists are not yet out of date. To mention names of pilots taking part in some outstanding feat would give a clue to their squadrons, home bases and types of machine.

★

Latest news from Spain is that wholesale arrests have started again of "suspect" friends of the old Government. What is happening in Spain?

These arrests are a direct affront to Nazi-Communist pact. While Hitler is releasing Communist prisoners, Franco is putting them inside, calling them "Communist suspects."

Even so, most Nazi technicians established in Spanish industries have been invited to leave.

Franco wants money to rebuild Spain and he can get cash only from Britain.

Our money talks louder than Nazi promises, now that the Fascist front is broken. Spain stays a "benevolent neutral."

★

What hopes of an early collapse of the Nazi régime through defection of the Army leaders and others retaining Monarchist leanings?

Nazi bosses have already provided against movements in this direction. "Doubtful" Reichswehr leaders such as Von Blomberg, former Commander-in-Chief, Von Hammerstein, former Chief of Staff, and many others were imprisoned when the German Army marched into Poland. General Von Fritsch died mysteriously.

Brauschitch and Keitel, the present Reichswehr chiefs, have been swiftly promoted by Hitler from obscure rank.

Each of them receives 200,000 marks a year in pay. Hindenberg's salary as President was 40,000 marks!

Himmler, the Gestapo chief, arranged for all German princelings to be sent to the front line when the war began.

But there are still thousands of powerful members of the old officer class and of the Herrenclub thinking of Germany first, the Nazi Party second.

★

Where can we expect to find the main brunt of the long-expected German attack to fall?

On our shipping convoys and on our ports. This is now developing into a siege war and the side with the best-stocked larder will win. Only one per cent. of our shipping has been sunk since the war began, and that is being rapidly replaced.

Even now Germany is living on reserve stores. And she has only £7,000,000 in gold to buy fresh supplies.

After the air attack on the North Sea convoy ships must obviously be fitted with anti-aircraft guns and crews as well as a gun for dealing with U-boats.

What is the reason for the ruthless rationing of petrol?

Because the "crats" expected an instant full-scale war with air bombing of oil tankers and huge consumption by defence aircraft and tanks.

Also, the "crats" assumed that British motorists were more dishonest than they were. Hence the injustice.

Small businesses have been crippled. Those who were honest were granted too little; others got too much. Dentists going to an office like stockbrokers received doctors' rations.

Yet commercial travellers had to travel by train or stop searching for business!

Now more tanker cargoes are coming into the country than can be accommodated we can expect better petrol rations.

★

What about unemployment?

The last Ministry of Labour returns do not give a true picture. The drop is largely represented by men who have gone into the Army or "into munitions."

But for one man who has found employment in these directions, another has been thrown out of work.

"Pools" for every commodity and rigid Whitehall control of all materials are the prime cause. The Government's fear of a "lightning stroke" at the beginning of the war has put scores of thousands on the dole.

★

What is this "remote control" that the Germans are reported to be using on the Western Front?

A ground cable is run from a sheltered observation post in the rear to an advanced battery of machine guns. The gunners, probably a mile away, simply press a button and a trip hammer starts off the firing mechanism.

Advantages are that man-power is saved in exposed positions.

Disadvantages are that shrapnel cutting the cable puts guns out of action; the ammunition feed is limited; guns easily jam, and cannot be traversed over a wide angle of fire.

★

Two German "pocket battleships" are said to be raiding merchant ships in the Atlantic. How will they be hunted down?

The *Emden* remained at large for months during the last War. The need for refuelling eventually gave away her positions. The same need will beat these two battleships, although it is said that they carry enough fuel to remain at sea for five months.

Every man's hand is against them. Watchers on neutral vessels and survivors of ships they have sunk will give away their positions. They dare not use radio because the Admiralty keep a 24-hour watch on the ether.

They will be hunted by long-range flying boats covering miles of sea in a few hours. Once found, they will be kept under observation until the Fleet can destroy them.

★

What is happening in China?

Both sides have virtually ceased fighting. Many divisions of Japanese troops have been recalled. The Chinese commands and main armies are reforming in the Yunan area hundreds of miles away from the old front.

With Singapore on a war footing, Japanese aggression against British interests in China has also ceased. To the Japanese, exhausted by a long war and with their anti-Communist militarists shocked by the Moscow pact, the situation in the East is too delicate for further big adventures.

BEHIND the NEWS

BIG Cabinet changes are under discussion. Lord Macmillan is likely to resign from the Ministry of Information, and Mr. Anthony Eden may take his place, becoming a full member of the War Cabinet.

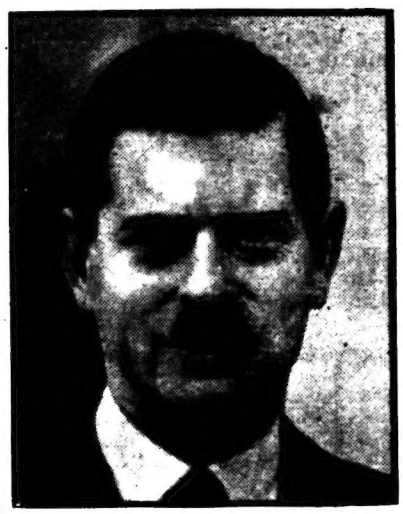
In that case, Mr. Oliver Stanley will leave the Board of Trade for Eden's present post as Dominions Secretary.

Mr. R. A. Butler, at present in the Foreign Office, will then become the new President of the Board of Trade. Importance of this last appointment is that he would be the chief British negotiator in any new trade talks with Russia.

* * *

Britain isn't worried by the Moscow-Berlin grain contract. Five hundred German and Russian trains daily would have to operate a thousand million miles to carry the million tons of grain in the stipulated two months.

And because of the difference in railway gauges, every ton would have to be unloaded and reloaded at the frontier.



King Carol ends a European headache

* * *

Lull in the sabotage war by German and Czech enemies of Hitler. But they are planning a big campaign for the spring.

By then, they believe, winter's hardships will have helped to demoralise the German public.

* * *

They are praising Stalin in the streets, even in barracks and munition works.

This indirect undermining of Hitler hero worship is infuriating Nazis, who daren't stop it for fear of reprisals from Moscow!

* * *

Hitler is still popular with the mass of his people, but "Down with Hitler" notices have been seen by neutral travellers in Dortmund, Bochum, and the arms town of Essen.

Writing on the wall?

* * *

Von Papen goes back to Turkey to offer bribes and personal promises as fresh inducements to Turks to join Nazi camp.

He pins his hope to his influence with the remnants of the old Turkish officer class, so ruthlessly ousted by Kemal Ataturk.

What a hope!

* * *

More than 50,000 German casualties of the Polish war are now in Prague emergency hospitals.

Yet Hitler claimed that there were only 30,000 wounded.

* * *

A new decree gives the Gestapo power to sentence anybody to six months or less in jail without trial.

Gestapo has done this for years.

Now it is "legal."

* * *

Spies are so busy in Denmark that Copenhagen has become the Geneva of this war. Danish police will soon begin a round-up. The authorities there are less averse to offend Germany in view of recent events.

* * *

King Carol has agreed to relieve a European sick headache by returning part of the Dobrudja province to Bulgaria, which has long been nursing a grievance on the subject.

Forthcoming negotiations will only be concerned with the actual size of the territory to be ceded.

There are other big moves afoot in the Balkans.

* * *

Keeping out of the headlines, Mussolini is pushing his plan to form a trading group of Balkan States, with himself as senior partner.

Hitler doesn't like it. He wanted instead a new "bloc," consisting of Germany, Italy, Russia, the Balkan and Baltic States, to beat the British blockade. Mussolini said "No."

* * *

Two United States units have been formed in the French Army. The famous 1914 "Escadrille Lafayette" air squadron is to be re-established, and an ambulance unit of 20 cars is fully staffed and in service on the Western Front. The American Red Cross has already sent a first donation of a million dollars.

OPEN LETTERS

JOACHIM VON RIBBENTROP,
Nazi Foreign Minister

SIR,—There seems as many bubbles in your brain as in the champagne you sold before gangsterdom brought you power and riches.

I shall not point out the absurdity of your efforts to depict Mr. Chamberlain as a warmonger. Such tall yarns are doubtless intended for German consumption rather than our amusement.

But you do our allies an injustice by your elephantine attempts to separate Britain and France. Every Frenchman realises the fate of his country if another Nazi triumph were tolerated.

Your psychology was weak when you told Hitler, month after month, that Britain would not fight.

It is still weak, but you do not need specialists to improve it.

Just read French newspapers.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. AGNES PICKERING,
Watson Crescent, Edinburgh

DEAR MADAM,—You deserve the highest honour in the land—the admiration of your fellow-countrymen.

Seeing a boy struggling in a canal, you dashed down two flights of stairs, climbed a spiked railing and a five-foot wall, and dropped eight feet before plunging into the icy water and saving the child.

Just as the Lord Provost thought it "an especially great pleasure" to shake your hand, so is it a pleasure for me to draw all Britain's attention to your bravery. —JOHN BULL.

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P.,
Minister of Mines

DEAR SIR,—Why are Brass Hats allowed the use of high-powered limousines instead of small cars?

Why are despatch riders and their expensive new motor-cycles kept by to fetch clean collars or cigarettes for their superiors?

Why, in short, is petrol being wasted by jacks-in-office?

Ordinary motorists, and workers kept waiting an hour for a 'bus, would like to know.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
Leeds West Riding Court

YOUR WORSHIPS,—Some magistrates point out that poor people have had to deprive themselves of food to buy black-out materials.

You are made of sterner stuff. You have imposed a fine of £1 on a soldier's wife paying rent and keeping herself and six children on 37s. a week.

How she'll manage to pay the fine and buy blinds would baffle even the Shades of Solomon.—JOHN BULL.

Sir SYLVANUS VIVIAN,
Registrar-General

DEAR SIR,—Please dose your sloths with ginger. Although national enumeration took place a month ago, enumerators have not yet been paid for weeks of arduous duty.

They are told by your officials that the petty sums due to them will not be paid until your Department has digested the results. Perhaps not even then.

Yet many of these men had been and are again on the dole, having spent food money on buying the materials needed for the job.

Give them the cash they earned so well!—JOHN BULL.

Miss IRIS KATHERINE RYDER,
Parkstone, Poole

MADAM,—Take your stand in the public pillory, for the £5 fine imposed on you is a slight penalty for one described as "of independent means."

By defacing fifteen air raid shelter signs you showed a dangerous shallowness of mind. By scrawling "Peace" across them in large black letters, and adding the hateful sign of circle and flash, you implied your willingness to surrender to Fascism.

There's no room for you in the ranks of real pacifists.—JOHN BULL.

Sir JOHN SIMON,
Chancellor of the Exchequer

DEAR SIR,—Inmates of a London hospital for soldiers permanently crippled in the last war are to lose half a pint of beer served with lunch.

The "sacred" cause of economy is given as the reason.

Half a mo', Chancellor!

Can't you manage to provide such heroes with half a pint, tax free, just to ease their tragic conditions?—JOHN BULL.

Sir John Anderson, Home Secretary

DEAR SIR,—Most of us grumble about A.R.P. But we are all glad to have it.

We know there are bound to be flaws in an organisation so huge and so novel. Although we despise its easy-money parasites, we admire the thousands of volunteers who hastened to join when others held back.

Get busy, Sir John!

As your sternest critic, I say that the flaws should have been remedied by now. After all, four and a half years have passed since A.R.P. was born.

Yet many boroughs are still without steel shelters. Coseley, Staffs, wants 4,000, yet can't get any. Do you wonder residents are furious?

There is still delay in supplying respirators for infants.

Imagine parents' anxiety!

Many shelters are so flooded when rain falls in torrents that A.F.S. men have to be sent along with pumps. May not pneumonia be as great an air raid danger as bombs?

You'll have to remove these causes of complaint before you get full marks. Do it quickly!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—Bad feeling will spread throughout Britain unless you end the Reserved Occupations racket and muddle.

Shirkers are rushing to safety. Novices are being pushed into exempted work on Merseyside to the exclusion of trained men.

Professional footballers are finding safe billets while others of their age are in khaki and older men are on the "dole."

You're busier than ever, but it shouldn't take you long to order a ruthless comb-out of "artful dodgers."—JOHN BULL.

EVACUATION COMMITTEE,
Malton, Yorks.

GENTLEMEN,—Abominable that an eighty-year-old widow, often bedridden, should be taken to court because she refused to accept evacuees.

Prosecute those able to care for strange children but will not do so. Don't add to the burdens of the aged and infirm.

The magistrates' award of a guinea costs to the invalid should make you change your minds about continuing to intimidate her.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. T. Z. LOVELL,
Leicester

SIR,—"Absolutely irregular" was what the coroner said, but he was too polite in describing your disgraceful behaviour.

When a child died early last year you took the body away and tricked the father into burying a still-born baby and a doll.

Now, the remains of many bodies found in your bungalow after a fire have revealed your deception.

Even in the interests of medical research such illegality cannot be excused.—JOHN BULL.

NOTTS COUNTY COUNCIL

GENTLEMEN,—First you refuse to allow council tenants to keep poultry. Now you warn relieving officers not to ask for extra petrol rations.

Obviously you are exceeding your authority.

You do not pay for the petrol they use in saving official time, nor do you make them a travelling allowance.

In future, mind your own business.—JOHN BULL.

The Human Machine

Think for Yourself

IN this world of war, raucous with propaganda, it is essential to think for yourself.

Propaganda means a constant invitation to adopt somebody else's views and opinions. You must do your own thinking.

Listen hard, read diligently—and do your own thinking. Sort out the facts for yourself. Don't be misled. Everybody is perfectly capable of thinking for himself.

This is the time when the trained mind proves equal to the strain—to the anxieties of living dangerously.

The person who has been making a genuine effort to develop his mental powers on lines suggested by the world's great thinkers finds now that the ability to think for himself is invaluable.

The trained thinker revels in the steady development of self-control and the attainment of some degree of co-ordination between mind and body. He finds that fearless honesty in self-examination and self-understanding is the only sure shield against the mentally disruptive forces surrounding us.

It is so easy to believe what you want to believe, to reason ahead of the facts even when they are staring you in the face.

But there's no mental peace to be found that way.

Facts are the most stubborn things in the world. "Wishful thinking" is only the precursor of devastating disappointment.

It is equally tempting to be mentally blind to facts we would rather not recognise. That is just as stupid and just as dangerous. For they still remain facts. The sooner they are faced and dealt with, the better.

Neither of these temptations is very big to those who have learned to be honest with themselves.

Start now to develop your own mental powers. It's never too late!

By OLIVER PLUSH

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

LATEST awards announced by the German War Office are as under:—

Captain Kurt Pflugfelder, for fearlessly navigating U-boat Y13 through floods in the Siegfried Line and rescuing Colonel Skrimshankarhoff's special issue of ersatz sauerkraut: Iron Cross.

Flight-Lieut. Adolf Bunghardi, for putting the Loch Ness monster out of action while trying to bomb the Firth of Forth Bridge: Iron Cross with Bar.

U-Boat Commander Fritz van Swankheim, for sinking the *Ark Royal* for the fourth time in succession: Iron Cross, with Saloon Bar and Off-licence.

Song of the Shirt

Offices are being prepared in Manchester for our latest Controller—the Controller of Shirts.—Daily paper.

With fingers grasping a pen
In a manner precise and cool,
A mandarin sits in an office chair,
Starting a brand-new "pool."

Scratch—scratch—scratch,
Goes the pen in his hand alert,
As colour and texture he specifies
(With a due regard for the Old School Ties
To be worn), together with shape and size,
Of the Government's Standard Shirt!

Paste, and petrol, and prunes,
Prunes, and petrol, and paste—
These, we are told, must be controlled,
And the shirts which our trunks encase!

Scratch—scratch—scratch!
There'll be schedules and forms galore!
Scratch—scratch—scratch!
He is writing of rules a score!
O to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Hun,
If only by wearing a Standard Shirt
Can the blinkin' war be won!

Household Hint

The B.B.C. was more than usually helpful in a cheery talk in which we were informed that "The average human body contains sufficient lime to whitewash a small air raid shelter."

I meantersay, if we could get hold of a human body for which the owner has no further use we could set to work whitewashing our air raid shelter—if only we could get hold of an air raid shelter.

Sez 'Enery

"I see," remarked 'Enery, "as 'ow 'Itler eats too many eggs."

"That's right; gets his chef to do 'em thirty different ways."

"Reckon there's another way 'e'll get 'em yet—in th' 'pan'!"

"Let's hope!"

"Praps 'e's tryin' to eat as many as 'e can before th' pore deluded Fritzes take to throwin' them at 'im."

"Praps."

"Or tryin' to egg 'imself on to 'ave a go at th' Maginot Line."

"Shouldn't wonder."

"But jest you wait till th' German 'ens get sick of this 'ere ersatz chicken-feed an' give up layin'!"

"Ah!"

"Then it'll be th' blinkin' Fuehrer's turn to 'ave a taste of th' foreign yolk!"

Try Your Luck!

There is said to be little likelihood of football pools starting again in the near future.

Still, there is always plenty of clean fun to be had out of the working of the petrol pool.

The Old Brigade

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Not where the bugles blare,
Or ships are ploughing the raging main,
Yea, even in Whitehall you'll search in vain—
Not there, my child, not there!

In what were once the best hotels in nice, safe inland towns,
In pleasant country mansions, overlooking rolling downs,
In serried ranks you'll find them, ever keen to take the lead,
Our gallant British bulldogs of the bureaucratic breed!

Though some of them were pensioned, they have come back for the fray,
With Admirals and Colonels, relics of a distant day,
Who are working hard as censors for their country and their King,
Or acting as "Controllers" in control of everything!

They have left their wives and sweethearts to obey the nation's call,
Their hearths and homes, their clubs and pubs, and maiden aunts and all,
Except their rolls of strong pink-tape, so beautiful to see,
Their files and forms and typists, and their frequent cups of tea!

Where are the boys of the Old Brigade?
Just where you might have guessed—
Somewhere safe from a falling Axe,
Daubing the nation with sealing-wax
And sitting upon its chest!

Referred to Censor

Bristol A.R.P. men, it is stated, are putting in their time knitting.

Wonder if we could persuade the staff of the Ministry of Information to employ their time the same way?

Perhaps an appeal to their patriotism would do the trick?

Old Bill on the Home Front

By Bruce Bairnsfather

In this letter from Young Bill in France, it sez at the end, "Tell Dad I'm billeted at the house of a woman who says she knew him very well indeed during the last war, and there's a photo of them together on the mantelpiece."

Through Other Eyes!

GERMAN WHISPERS

"The Fuehrer has established his headquarters in an aeroplane."

"What—ready for a getaway?"

"Gringoire," Paris

"Our motto is 'Always Forward'!"

"Akher Saa," Egypt

Do Tell Us!

Straight from the London "Star":—

The Berlin correspondent of the Amsterdam "Telegraaf" says: "The signing of the Turkish pact has induced Germany to speed up her deliberations with Rome and Moscow."

"The signing of the Turkish pact," the correspondent adds, "has induced Germany to speed up her deliberations with Rome and Moscow."

Yes, I was listening, chum, honest. All the time. The only bit I missed was what induced Germany to speed up her deliberations with Rome and Moscow.

Both Hands Up

Friend says it's a pity Hitler, when he was a house painter, didn't die of lead-poisoning.

Still, there's plenty of time. . . .

Have You Heard?

Do I what?

Do I know any vulgar stories about Hitler?

My good woman. I don't know any vulgar stories that are not about Hitler

"John Bull's" Padre *answers*

that miserable creature who is constantly protesting

"I didn't ask to be born!"

By the Rev. Pat McCormick
Famed Radio Pastor

WHEN the last war was over, and the sense of discipline and restriction was lifted from the nation, a wave of unfettered liberty surged through the population.

Frequently the assertion was made by young men and women: "I wasn't asked if I wanted to be born. Why shouldn't I do as I like?"

I expect British youth of to-day is wiser, but the same question is still put, and we may as well try to meet it.

In the first place, if these young men and women had been asked, "Do you want to be born?" and had been able to reply, I am fairly sure that any of them with the sense of freedom and adventure which they say they possess would have jumped at the chance of entering upon a new kind of life.

If they were so keen on thrills, and on new ways of expressing themselves, they would have seized the proffered opportunity of freedom from existing restraints.

So the question is really beside the mark. It is rather like a parent refusing a gift of £1,000 on behalf of his child of one year old because he couldn't be asked to give his own consent.

I HESITATE to describe the terms in which the boy, aged seventeen, would have addressed his father when he heard of the refusal and the reason given. . . .

Now for the question, "Why shouldn't I do as I like? Why am I to be restricted by any code of manners or morals?"

I want to be quite fair in my answer.

Each age and each type of civilisation has had its own standard of life, and that standard has changed from age to age, for better or for worse.

Furthermore, the pioneer is a type that I can respect. British freedom of thought and action owes too much to him for me to refuse him a place in any scheme of progress.

But in every case there comes a point when each of us as individuals have to lose ourselves in the group, family, school, business, club, and so on.

The fact is that national life, and international life refuses permission for any individual to "do as he likes."

One man to-day has been doing what he likes, and in consequence the whole of Europe is in an uproar.

If there was no standard pint, many a man would grumble at his glass of beer, and just as there is a standard measure of pints and gallons, of feet and yards, accepted by the community, so there is an accepted standard of manners and morals, which self-discipline, public opinion, and legal compulsion demand from each one.

Similarly, general happiness cannot be founded on selfishness, as our well-known phrases "Playing the game" or "Being a sportsman" remind us.

After all, we have got to learn to live as members of a family whether we like it or not, because we were born into the human race. People have tried to get out of it by living alone, but they tend to lose their humanity if they do.

We can't contract out of life; and if we live an ordinary, normal life, we can't simply do what we like; we've got to fit in with other people.

Man is a social animal, and we've got to learn to live together without stepping on each other's toes, or having our right to freedom taken from us.

Do you realise that this is really a religious question? It was dealt with by our Lord Jesus Christ nearly 1,900 years ago.

He said, in effect, that man without God will do all he can to get everything for himself regardless of hurting others; therefore man must change his mind and hear what God wants. If he does that, God will make him a new man: believing in God as Father he will enter not a society but a family, the family of God.

AND he will find there a brotherhood of men and women whose objective is to serve each other, or, to put it in the words of our Catechism, "to do unto others as we would like them to do to us."

In His life and teaching, He laid down the principles on which the members of the family shall act; and if you read them carefully you will see those principles are to teach men how to live together as a family.

Nineteen hundred years ago He showed men how to live together as a family

This is what the Church ought to be, and was intended to be.

It has only one law, the law of love, which means self-giving.

It recognises no difference in position or class or race or colour. Everyone who enters the family is equally the child of God, with the same privileges and rights, and all are equal in God's sight.

THIS is what the Church ought to be. Yes, we know it isn't, but I think it is trying to get nearer to it now.

It ought to be an international family where every member is trying to live together, doing to others as they would like others to do to them, because they are all children of one Father.

Think what the world would be like if this was really happening.

This is what we mean when we say that Christianity has the only solution for world and international problems.

But it can only happen when men believe in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, and act on that belief, knowing that God will give them the power to conquer self and live by the law of self-giving.

The world has got into this state because people do what they like and think only of themselves. Slums, distressed areas and poverty are not only due to economic conditions; they are also due to people forgetting that we are all members of the same family.

The present evacuation scheme has already shown up the conditions under which many people have to live when the ordinary decencies of life are unknown; and when children have no chance to learn those decencies.

The realisation will do good if it opens the eyes of people who don't know these things.

In various countries experiments have been made in the last twenty-five years to make a nation into a family—but it has been done by force, and has been a narrow, nationalistic affair.

What is needed, it seems to me, is a change of heart in man all over the world which will show them God as Father and men as brothers.

A big proposition! Yes, but this is the objective of Christianity.

You can't answer this perplexity without taking God into consideration

OUT OF ALL THIS By "J. M."

We have our rations and our gas masks, we have our troubles and our fears, we'll have our losses and our air raids, our wounded and our tears; but it's these things that unite us, as only suffering can, for our Empire has become One Soul, One Woman and One Man.

We'll have our faith tried to the utmost, we'll have our fortitude deep-strained; but the stuff that makes us British is so strongly soul-ingrained, that nothing can dismay us, once our hand is on the plough—we proved it all those years ago, as we will prove it now.

We'll have our friendships firmly welded, on Adversity's Rough Road, we'll have the silver hands of laughter, easing up war's heavy load. We'll have our homely grumbles, but we'll have our prayers as well, which will lend a touch of Heaven, to each swift and passing hell.

We'll have our daily worries, which are often worse to bear, than the overrated terrors, of warfare made to scare; and we have our British humour, through its Courage sanctified, and out of all this will be shaped, These Things that will Abide.

These extracts from the war time letters of separated mothers and sons breathe the undying spirit of British heroism. In their cheerful "matter-of-factness," they indicate that, nothing daunted, parents and children face the future with commendable courage.

MOTHER and SON

My dear Boy

ALL'S well on the home front. Doncaster is quiet, dad at work, the rest of the family in bed. So now for my talk with my boy.

I went to the pictures last night. On returning home I felt tempted to look in the letter-box to see if there was a line from my boy on active service, but I thought: "No, there couldn't be another so soon."

But I had to go to the door last thing to drop the latch. I became bold and lifted the lid of the box—and there was your letter!

I never thought, my boy, that I wouldn't care a jot where you were—but I don't. All I want to know is that you are alive and safe.

It must have been a surprise to you to think of your little kid sister married, but she is a good little housewife, and so happy. Of course, her husband will be called up among the next lot. It is a case of history repeating itself.

I waited four years for your dad last war; in fact, I never saw him at all for two years, but it has been worth it.

We have had a great many years of happiness to make up for it.

I am going to trust that my prayers bring you safely through this war, as they brought your dear dad safely through the last war.

* * *

From Batley, Yorks.

The family circle has changed so much since you went away.

Brother John is really enjoying school this time, and sits round describing the gas drill, telling me proudly that he was the first to get his mask on, the first to get to the door, and so on.

Half the battle, of course, is that he thinks his new teacher "lovely."

Betty is struggling with her Latin, and wishes her big brother was here to help her. They play dominoes every night, and the loser on points by Friday of each week buys the winner a box of chocolates. They are very proud of you.

Dad has stopped his strolls at night. Whether it is because of the black-out or because his companion is away I don't know. He doesn't say much, doesn't even betray that he is anxious for your next letter, although you can see the eagerness.

I think he is remembering last time.

He had four years of it.

* * *

From Luton.

By the time you get this I shall have my evacuee family really settled down. I am really happy with them, and bathing the youngsters is by far the best job.

The local paper praised me for my work. I never knew at all that a local reporter had called on the mothers at the Scout Hall.

Everybody thinks it disgraceful that you boys should have to pay 1s. 3d. to send your letters to us at home (from out East) when the price was only 1½d. to wealthy business men before the war.

Will you try to listen in to the 9 o'clock news whenever you can?

I shall be thinking of you then.

We can picture each other listening, and thinking.

* * *

From Durham.

I know how you must feel being posted to a new place and being separated from your friend of so many years.

Poor Billy!

No mother and no father, nobody in the world to take an interest in him. I saw how he enjoyed himself when you brought him home last Christmas for your ten days' leave.

Just as if it were the first Christmas he had ever known.

I think it really was.

* * *

From Heacham, Norfolk.

The postman has guessed our anxiety to get a letter from you, and now he gives a double knock whenever there is anything in your handwriting.

War or no war, I've saved my flower garden from dad's clutches, and so there will be lavender and pinks, rosemary and roses left to bloom for another year, to welcome you back, dear.

* * *

From York.

We have all been looking at the photograph you sent us from France. Your dad doesn't think it the best that could be taken, and I think they have got the light all wrong. But we laid it on one side quite pleased, because we all agreed "He looks quite happy and contented"

That's what matters most to us.

And now I rack my brain, yet can think of only one more thing to say.

Let us all keep smiling along the way, because it will make the way so much easier.

You will, I know. And your dad and I will try our poor best.

Dear Mum

HERE'S some news for you that you haven't read in the papers. We had been sailing for some time, and nobody knew where we were going, when we were suddenly told to get into No. 3's, and the Admiral's barge was brought.

When the barge returned who should be in it but His Majesty King George in Naval uniform, and looking very happy.

I was duty bugler that day [the writer is a lad of 16.—EDITOR]—and was therefore in close contact.

I can tell you, Mother, that this was no ordinary dockyard visit. The King was with us a full day, and we sailed him round to look at other ships.

It was sunset when he was leaving, and when he stepped into the barge and we were all on the quarter deck, the captain called for three cheers.

It was the best cheer I have heard in the Navy yet, and I've heard a few. There was His Majesty in the stern of the barge, waving to us and smiling happily.

By the way, Mum, never pack pears in my parcel again. They went bad and did no end of damage.

* * *

From H.M.S. "Ark Royal."

I don't think Jerry is playing the game making people believe he had sunk this ship. Take it from me, Mother, we are as safe as a row of houses.

It's enough for me to know that the *Courageous*, which was my home for such a long and pleasant time, is now at the bottom of the sea.

No wonder they call this the Silent Service. People hear about our setbacks, but they'd have an eye-opener if they heard of a few of our successes.

I think I mentioned in my last letter about the young chaps on board growing beards. I am seriously thinking of trying to grow one myself. (Keep the black-outs going till I come back. I won't want you to see me in it.)

With some of the lads, a face full of fungus seems to make them look like kids, but others, quite good-looking, begin to look sunken-eyed and hollow-cheeked as the whiskers sprout. On the whole, they look like a ship-load of pirates.

* * *

From France.

It's home from home here, to-night, Mother. All the depressed looks of yesterday gone—and for one reason only. The mail has come up.

Now we think how lucky we are to get best grapes at 1½d. a pound, milk straight from a local farm at 7d. for half a gallon, rum and brandy at the price of cheap port at home, and sparkling wine—champagne, I think—at 1s. 1d. a bottle.

We don't buy apples, peaches or chestnuts. They grow wild round us. So do nectarines.

Bah!—a fellow has just cadged three sheets of paper from me, and notepaper is really precious in this land of milk and honey.

* * *

From Out East.

Thank heaven for your letter, which is the first I have had for 28 days. Twenty-eight days field punishment, I call it.

Now, now, Mother.

No grumbling.

I know you've got your hands full having to bathe 12 evacuated kids every Friday, but if London got bombed you'd wish you'd got twice as many.

You'd sooner have them safe with you than in London then, now wouldn't you?

* * *

From an R.A.F. Aerodrome.

The enclosed is for your birthday. Many happy returns. How I wish it were in pounds instead of shillings.

And do, please, Mum, buy *yourself* something with it. You never do unless somebody is there to bully you into it; but this time I am putting you on trust.

Don't let me down.

* * *

From a Home Camp.

I was on guard the other night.

When I woke up, Conklin, about whom I've told you already, was strutting about, proud as a peacock.

He'd put somebody in "clink," a fellow who had approached the camp in the early hours, and hadn't answered a challenge, and was too bad-tempered to give a proper account of himself.

But you should have seen Conklin's face a bit later, and the N.C.O. of the guard. The chap they'd imprisoned was a teacher (lecturer, or something like that) at some military academy.

Anyhow, the sergeant says the commanding officer thinks they did quite right.

The sergeant's personal opinion was that a Militiaman had shown more military knowledge than a man who is supposed to teach military matters, which made Conklin blow his chest out a mile.

This is the Only Way

"What, no JOHN BULL?" Thousands of disappointed readers have asked their newsagents that question in the last few weeks.

There's one way only of making sure that you do not share their unfortunate experience. Place a regular order with your newsagent.

Then he—and we—will *guarantee* you a copy, which, owing to difficulties of distribution that are beyond our control, is impossible unless you order your JOHN BULL in advance.

There's a Free Air Raid insurance for the asking for everybody who shows that wise foresight. But for the others, we are afraid, there must sometimes be disappointment.

HITLER PAWNS GERMAN ART TREASURES

Exclusive revelations of the Fuehrer's secret deals with foreign countries in his desperate attempts to "raise the wind" to pay his war bills

Hitler will have to answer for this fraud.

DESPERATE for ready money, Hitler is pawning Germany's art treasures to help to pay for his war. Two exiled German art dealers have unearthed this latest and greatest swindle by which the Fuehrer is cheating his own people.

They have discovered Old Masters, valued at hundreds of thousands of pounds and owned by the German people, in America and Scandinavia, and will shortly issue a list of the pictures and the amounts that Hitler has borrowed on them.

When details are fully revealed they will cause a sensation in Germany equalled only by the recent disclosures of the vast fortunes that Nazi leaders have smuggled abroad in readiness for the rainy day ahead of them.

The German people do not know what is happening. They have been told that their museums and art galleries are being emptied as a precaution against air raids.

"Your treasures are being stored in secret vaults where no bomb can harm them," exclaim Nazi officials. That is a half-truth twisted into a fully fledged lie. Treasures are in secret vaults, but not in Germany.

Nazi warplanes have flown them by night to neutral northern countries, from which they are being shipped to South America.

Some valuable masterpieces are also in the hands of New York dealers, who have already advanced large sums of money on them.

The arrangement is that within six months of the ending of the war the Nazi Government will pay back the loans and the treasures will be returned.

If they are not redeemed, Old Masters, statues and almost priceless mediæval jewellery will cease to belong to the German people who paid for them.

They will be put under the auctioneer's hammer.

This is not the first time that Hitler and his henchmen have raided Germany's art galleries and museums.

Looting began soon after the Nazis goose-stepped to power.

Goering was the leader of those early expeditions.

His Berlin mansion, his castle and hunting lodges are decorated with pictures, suits of armour and old weapons, once the pride of the German people.

Goebbels, Himmler, head of the Gestapo, and others soon grabbed a share.

Then Hitler stepped in.

Always ambitious to be an artist, he saw a new way to strike at experts who had scorned his early efforts in architecture and line his coffers at the same time.

He set himself up as the judge of Nazi art and culture—that was "to lead my people to a better world"—and began purging galleries and museums of the works of "degenerate painters."

If it was discovered that some Old Master was "tainted" by a drop of Jewish blood, it was enough to put his paintings on the barred list.

But paintings and statues are valuable. The Austrian and German peoples possessed some of the finest in the world. Their value was estimated in millions of pounds.

Here was an easy way to acquire foreign exchange, needed to buy materials for guns and warplanes.

So-called "degenerate art collections" were packed off to Switzerland, Holland and the United States and sold to foreign dealers.

Within a few months works valued at more than £500,000 were removed from German State museums and galleries and auctioned.

One Berlin gallery was looted of treasures worth £45,000, and pictures by Van Gogh, Picasso and Gauguin were sold for £20,000 at a sale in Lucerne.

With perhaps the exception of France, the German people have spent more on art than any other nation in Europe. The Guelph and Hohenzollern collections alone had a total value of nearly £4,000,000.

Hitler will have to answer for his fraud.

Imaginary Interview on the Black-out Bus

Wait Till "Yes"-Men Say "No, Adolf"

COLD night? You're right, sir. It *is* cold, and I'll bet you feel it with that close-cropped 'ead of 'air. Last time I seen any clean-shaven square 'eads like yours was out on the old West Front, when a 'ole batch of them came across with their 'ands up, calling "Kamerad"

Begging your pardon, but you look sort of German yourself, Sir? Nah! It's all right with *me*; I never 'ad no quarrel with the Fritzes, and if London's full of the poor perishers nah, 'oo can blame 'em?

They knew a better 'ole and they went to it. Maybe they was chucked out by the Nasties.

It's a queer war, though, ain't it, Jerry? They say the French 'ave took prisoners wot didn't know there was a war on. Crikey! Talk about leading 'em up the garden! *They* must 'ave been led right up the garden into the blinking Maginot bonfire.

And *was* it 'ot?

You tell me I mustn't believe all I read in the papers? An' I don't, not by a long chalk!

You say you 'aven't been over 'ere very long and that you was high up in "the Party." Strewth, you must 'ave been one of them "gauleiters" that Itler summoned to Berlin the other day! "Gauleiter"—"Go lighter"—I don't know 'ow you pronounce it. But aren't they the district bosses in Germany? The blokes that collect the "Winter Help" fund and help themselves first . . .?

Keep your 'air on, chum. Wot there is of it! Nothing personal, you know. But if Gobbles and Ribbondrops and Immler and 'Ess could salt dahn 'arf a million apiece in foreign banks before the war started, 'oo can blame the little bosses, like the "gauleiters," if they collected a small packet for themselves?

They *'ad* to cash in—the "gauleiters"—or go lighter when they got out!

I don't suppose you was in personally on that council meeting with 'Itler a few days back?

They tell me 'e let 'em all smoke and knock back lashings of laager! And little old 'Itler 'ates nothing worse than baccy and booze! 'E must 'ave been fair desperate to keep those boys in a good 'umour!

Wot's that you say, 'Itler 'as done a great deal for Germany? 'E 'as an' all! 'E's put everybody to work at perishin' low wages. 'E's fixed a diet that can keep even the frauleins slim without slimming, an' 'e's found fat jobs for all his "gauleiters" an' tame spies. That's why the big Nasties still back 'im up!

Imagine old Ribs, wot was Ambassador 'ere, specially instructed to find aht wot we wos thinking, 'aving the immortal gall to say that Britain's bloody-minded resolve to make war was hobvious to all the world two years back and ever since!

Ribbendrops says that, mark you, an' 'e's the special rat that 'as been telling ole man 'Itler for two years and more that, wotever else 'appened, one thing was certain, "Britain wouldn't fight!"

You're telling me that no 'bus conductor in Berlin would be allowed to talk like I do? I'll bet they wouldn't! Why, Donner an' bloomin' Blitzen! . . . they *shoot* 'em for' picking up one of the pamphlets our R.A.F. boys drop on 'em, don't they, chum?

Getting off 'ere? Well, I don't blame you. You've been taken for a ride long enough!

Help Shops to Fight The "Shutatsix"

THREAT TO THEIR EXISTENCE

PUBLIC indignation can defeat the newest tyranny of blundering officialdom. Already 675,000 small British traders have the nation's sympathy in their fight against the Government's "shut at six" Order.

They are fighting not only against irksome and unnecessary restriction, but also for their very existence.

They would like to shut at six p.m., but in many small shops the greater part of the trade (often 80 per cent. of it) is done when people return from their work.

Now overtime is general in so many industries, it is more than ever essential for them to remain open to supply their customers.

If the new Order is observed, many shopkeepers will be forced to put up their shutters for good, and workers compelled to go without necessities.

JOHN BULL applauds the protest meetings now being held in many towns.

Birmingham shopkeepers have given a lead to other towns by taking such vigorous action that the city council has advanced closing hours to seven on weekdays, eight on Saturdays.

Other councils should take similar action. The public can help by amplifying the traders' agitation.

The big drapery store employing hundreds of assistants should close at six, but the one-man food shop must be allowed to serve its customers' needs.

Make sure that the harshest, stupidest regulation ever produced by an ignorant bureaucracy is not allowed to spread distress and inconvenience in your town!

They Cheered "John Bull's" Offer

A PRESBYTERY meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Wales, in session at Pontypridd, discussed the question of insurance against air raids. Doubts were expressed as to whether any form of insurance was possible.

Then a delegate explained that "John Bull" was issuing a free air raid insurance policy underwritten at Lloyd's.

There were cheers at his boldness in referring to the fact in so decorous a gathering.

I had a current copy of JOHN BULL in my pocket with full details—but somehow my courage failed.—Registered Reader 376460, Pontygwaith, Rhondda.

SORE THROATS COLDS AND FEVERISH 'FLU are about!

Colds, coughs, sore throats, mild 'flu, and all sorts of feverish complaints are about. The thing to do is to STAMP THEM OUT NOW—WITH 'ASPRO'. You can do it if you act at once. At the first sign of a sore throat use 'ASPRO' as a gargle—the sore throat will be banished—the spread of the infection inhibited. For a feverish cold or 'flu, take two 'ASPRO' tablets with a hot lemon drink, and you will find the 'flu or cold disappear. 'ASPRO' claims are not mere assertions, they have been proved true by thousands of your fellow citizens. So do not be put off with make-believe—ask for 'ASPRO'—see that you get it—and then use it. Remember

'ASPRO' WILL STOP THEM *in one night!*

FAMILY STANDBY FOR PAIN AND COLDS

14 Central Parade,
Gunnersbury Lane,
Acton, London, W.3.

Gentlemen,

I should like to express my thanks for the great benefit I have received from taking 'ASPROS'. They are splendid for relieving severe headaches and neuralgia. I always keep a box in the house. If my husband or family feel a cold coming, they take two 'ASPROS' and a hot drink on going to bed for a couple of nights and it breaks the cold up. I very often wake up in the morning with a very bad headache. Then I take 2 'ASPROS' with a cup of tea which clears it right away in a short time and I feel fit for a day's work.

Yours faithfully, L. PRICE (Mrs.).

COULD NOT SPEAK OR SWALLOW

148 Lymington Avenue, Wood Green,
London, N.22.

Dear Sirs,

On Monday, Aug. 9th, I returned to work after a week's holiday. At noon same day I had a sore throat. At 6 p.m. I could not speak or swallow. Tuesday I lay in bed in agony, could not swallow a drip of water. Wednesday my wife asked me to try to gargle with 'ASPROS'. I did this all day long. To-day, Thursday, I am back at work. The stuff it shifted from my throat was marvellous. No wonder I was in agony. I say 'ASPROS' are worth a guinea a tablet. You may use this in your own words to what purpose you wish.

I wish you all the best and 1,000 thanks.

Yours faithfully,
E. H. BULLOCK.

HOW TO USE 'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

For sore throat, tonsillitis, etc., put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

NEVER FAILS TO STOP COLD

45 Barrington Road,
Brixton, S.W.9.

Gentlemen,

About 8 years ago I wrote to inform you of the great benefit my wife and myself had received from 'ASPRO.' I thought it might interest you to know that I recently recommended 'ASPRO' to a friend who has been troubled with rheumatism. He tells me that not only did he secure instant relief, but the improvement appears to have been permanent. My stepson has also found 'ASPRO' wonderfully efficacious in an attack of violent toothache. May I add that I have never known 'ASPRO' fail to stop a cold if taken at bedtime with hot milk. I may say that I should not care to be without some in the house.

Yours faithfully,
W. T. WILKINSON.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
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PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
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PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

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ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

What are you doing to protect your family against the danger of dirt-infection?

There's no sense in running unnecessary risks these days! But if you don't take sensible precautions against the danger of dirt and dirt-bred germs you are running risks! Don't give dirt and germs a chance—see that a tablet of Family Health Soap is always by the wash-basin, and see that it is used. The antiseptic lather sweeps away dirt and the germs that go with it. Get Family Health Soap today and use it every day. Make every wash a protection!

FAMILY HEALTH
THE SAFETY SOAP
MAKE EVERY WASH A PROTECTION

KH 48-501

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

MRS. CECIL CHESTERTON, *noted social reformer, throws a searchlight on an overlooked corner of the great Evacuation Problem*

Ritz Rents for War Lodgers

TO-DAY the English countryside is wearing a city face. The quiet green expanse, with its little cottages and houses, has become a human hive of industry almost overnight. Hundreds of men and girls stream along village streets, throng small townships, and the hum of machinery is heard everywhere.

Spacious rural life has been quickened by the evacuees moved from vulnerable points to safety areas.

First came the children, with or without their mothers, at 8s. 6d. a head a week. Next arrived Civil Servants of various Ministries, catered for at a flat rate of a guinea a week for bed, breakfast, and a hot meal at night.

Promptly named "guinea pigs," they had the pick of the whole lodging market.

And then, like a flock of town sparrows, descended a third contingent, the technicians and clerical workers of firms of supreme national importance. Buildings were set up, or reconditioned for machinery, but no hospitable doors were opened for the staffs. There was no tariff arranged for board or lodging.

The result was housing congestion. But it was not lack of room that caused so many of these strangers to complain. They were staggered by the extortionate rents demanded for even the barest accommodation.

Obliged to go into the country with his firm for the duration of war, an engineer I know had to pay 25s. weekly for two small rooms and use of the kitchen for himself, his wife and child. The sparsely furnished rooms had to be kept clean by the wife, light and heat were extra, and there was no bathroom.

The rent of this cottage was 8s. 4d. a week, a third of the amount my friend must pay for his share.

Meanwhile, he has to continue payments to a Building Society for his London home, and buy food and clothes for himself and family, out of a salary of £3 10s. a week.

"I have a lovely little place in North London," an unhappy young mechanic told me. "I've almost finished paying for it, but I don't know how I shall manage now.

"We're charged £1 17s. 6d. here for just two rooms in a five-roomed house, of which the rent is 12s. The furniture is cheap and there's no bath.

"My own home costs 17s. 6d. weekly and has six rooms, a nice spot of ground, and every convenience. I couldn't bring my furniture here for lack of transport, so it's just sitting up there—neglected."

The girl secretary is in no better position.

A young woman of my acquaintance has to pay £1 10s. a week for a top back room, meagrely furnished, with part use of kitchen. She has to wait on herself, cook her own food, and is charged extra for fuel. Her salary is £3 a week.

Her profiteering landlady pays 11s. 3d. a week rent for the whole house.

One landlord, paying £90 a year rent, asked £3 12s. a week for two bedrooms, sitting-room and use of kitchen. Light and heat were extras.

As the would-be lodgers, husband, wife and child, could not face the demand, they arranged for two friends from the same works to share the second bedroom. So the landlord raised the rent to £5!

A WIFE with an infant ten days old, accompanying her technician husband to his new factory, found that board and lodging for two could be obtained only at £3 10s. a week, with an additional charge of 8s. 6d. for baby. This man was also buying his London home at 19s. a week. The house in which he was forced to lodge was 9s. 4d. weekly.

Hundreds of people all over the country patriotically offered to accommodate evacuees. To them were allotted children and "guinea pigs."

Where this voluntary accommodation was inadequate, billeting officers had to look further afield. It was useless for a householder to protest against the payment arranged by the Government. It was compulsory billeting.

When a compulsory landlady with two rooms available, a double bed in each, said that she must have four "guinea pigs"—two to each bed—or she would take none, the billeting officer merely took away the unwelcome guests.

Later the Army billeter arrived at her house and quartered four soldiers for sleeping at 2d. a head!

But there is no billeting officer to safeguard the interests of the nationally important worker.

YET the remedy against fleecing should not be difficult. There could be a standardised war rent for evacuated workers on this basis.

With the cottage of four rooms, apart from kitchen and the usual offices, for which the householder pays a rent of 8s. 4d. weekly, I would split the rent by four, thus making 2s. 1d. a room.

For a lodger the sum should be doubled, plus 50 per cent. extra for use of furniture.

Under such an arrangement occupiers of two rooms would pay 8s. 4d. plus 50 per cent.—a total of 12s. 6d.

Light and heat would not be included.

This would give the householder the whole of his rent, free house room and a percentage for wear and tear.

Thus you could estimate a fair rental for the householder and the worker driven to the country by the necessity of war.

It should be no more difficult to control the price of house room than any other commodity.

The cost of a loaf is fixed. Why not the price of a roof? The one is as essential to national life as the other.

Billeting officers had to look further afield

ENLISTING THE ALIEN ARMY

IN Britain to-day there are 35,000 Germans and Austrians, refugees from Nazi Terrorism. Rightly forbidden to take jobs here, so that they should not displace Englishmen, they have had to exist on charity.

But now there are no more subscriptions for refugee relief funds. Generous Britons guaranteeing the support of refugees can no longer support them.

More than 8,000 with positions in domestic service are jobless again. War has broken up the homes and households they served. **Yet they have never been more hopeful.**

"Seventeen thousand have volunteered," an official at the Central Relief organisations told me yesterday. "Women want to nurse, men want to fight. They all insist that they do not want safe jobs."

Among men volunteers there are nearly a thousand qualified doctors and surgeons, many of them famous Continental consultants.

The women include 1,200 trained hospital nurses. There are 5,000 skilled mechanics, chemists and technicians.

More than a thousand uprooted Bavarian and Bohemian peasant farmers who were to emigrate have asked to be allowed to stay here for the "duration" and join our land army.

TWENTY tribunals must first investigate the past records of all these refugee aliens, decide which of them can be trusted, those who need supervision, those who should be behind barbed wire.

Refugees were delighted to hear that aliens were to be allowed to join the British Army, probably in separate units.

In the last war we wasted nearly £3,000,000 keeping forty thousand, mostly quite harmless, enemy aliens idle in internment camps for four years.

This time our "enemy aliens" hate the enemy rather more than we hate him ourselves. Not only need they cost us nothing, but also they give us a chance to turn what has been burdensome charity into productive labour.

The refugee problem can be solved overnight to our absolute profit and the satisfaction of the refugees.

WAR MEASURES—AND YOU

Hire-Purchase Puzzle

By a Barrister M.P.

MANY persons are curious to know who is liable for damage caused through an air raid to goods being bought under a hire-purchase agreement, or whether a dealer can make the hirer (or buyer) reimburse him for the loss sustained.

They wonder, too, whether the purchaser must go on paying instalments even if the article is totally destroyed.

The Liability for War Damage (Miscellaneous Provisions) Act relieves the purchaser not only of his obligation to reimburse the dealer, but also to pay further instalments *if* the loss is due to war action.

No obligation (whether imposed by agreement or custom) to repair, replace, compensate, insure, or to continue to pay for hire in the event of damage or loss, can be enforced where such damage or loss is due to the war.

"Damage or loss by war" may be caused either by the enemy or by our own forces when beating them off, and includes any destruction necessary to stop fire from incendiary bombs spreading.

The Act covers not only hire purchasers, but also innkeepers, pawnbrokers, warehousemen and similar persons and firms in possession of property *owned by someone else.*

It also covers people who have received goods on approval, or on sale or return. And it extends to transactions entered into both *before* and *after* hostilities began.

But relief cannot be claimed if loss or damage occurs while the goods are being kept in a place or being moved to another, contrary to the agreement, unless it can be shown that such change was undertaken to provide greater safety or if liability for war damage has been expressly included in the terms of the agreement.

Hire-purchase agreements coming under the 1938 Act; ordinary hiring agreements not exceeding a rate of £20 a year; and goods supplied on approval, or on sale or return, where the price does not exceed £25, can all claim relief, notwithstanding any clause in them seeking to impose liability for war damage.

A pawnbroker is also relieved of his liability under the Act of 1872 to make good, within limits, the value of pledges destroyed or damaged by fire.

If fire is caused by war action and a loan of not more than £10 has been made on the pledge, his liability extends no further than to hand over a damaged pledge, should the pawner come along and repay the sum advanced.

PERSIL NOW EVEN BETTER!

After 2 years of research and perfecting, New Persil was ready. And New Persil will carry on. For now, more than ever, you will want easier washing.

* Still Whiter Whites!
* Still Brighter Colours!
* Softer Silks and Woollens!
* *Easiest Wash Ever!*

When you wash with new Persil you'll prove for yourself that this new Persil gives even better results than ever before. The wonderful Persil oxygen action which housewives everywhere have praised as perfect does its gentle cleansing work even *better*! White things come out of a new Persil wash more brilliantly white; coloured things glow with a more radiant freshness; woollens get back their first lovely fluffy softness; and silks dry as daintily fresh as when you first saw them new in their tissue wrappings! All your wash, in fact, will be better than you ever realised it could be when you use the new Persil. Your very first packet will prove this true!

MONEY-SAVING!

Economy is more than ever important these days. Use the new Persil and you'll find that your whites, your silks, your woollens, come up looking fresh and new. By using new Persil for all your things all your things will last longer.

14,000 HOUSEWIVES TEST NEW PERSIL, DELIGHTED

Before new Persil came on the market 14,000 women proved in advance *every* claim made for it. They tested it exhaustively for months—without prejudice, too, for it was issued to them nameless, in a plain packet. These first users of the new Persil were full of praise for it—for the whiteness it brings, for its ease of use, for its goodness for coloureds and silks and woollens. Try it! You'll say new Persil is perfect, too!

NEW PERSIL'S 3 BIG ADDED ADVANTAGES

NO MIXING— *EASIER WASH*

Just shake it on the water, swish with your hand and you're ready for the wash—it's so quick and easy. It really is a boon!

EXTRA LATHER— *FOR FINE WASH*

Such a lot of deep, foamy lather with the new Persil! Only a few gentle squeezes and all the dirt is gone from your woollens and silks.

PREVENTS SCUM— *EASIER RINSING*

New Persil prevents scum; and so you get easy, thorough rinsing, perfect Persil whiteness.

PER 747-66 60

THE *New* PERSIL—BUT THE OLD PRICE 3½d & 6d

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CATARRH and CHEST TROUBLES

Save yourself untold suffering...

Just keep

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in the home

Remarkable tribute from a Doctor.

"I am glad to say that my experience of Potter's Asthma Cure has been favourable and the inhalation taken half-an-hour before going to bed has relieved me of distressing cough at night. I have had winter coughs due to bronchial irritation almost amounting to chronic bronchitis for nearly ten years, and have dosed myself every winter. I find this inhalation at night sufficient."

Able to work all the Winter.

"I have not lost more than one night's rest since I began using Potter's Asthma Cure, and have been able to keep at work all the winter. Before using it I was unable to follow my employment for eight months."—J. E. R.

A new friend in my medicine chest.

"The very first time I used Potter's Asthma Cure, I had a good night's rest (the first for many nights). I feel I have a new friend in my medicine chest."—E. H. S.

Wish I had tried it before.

"I wish I had tried Potter's Asthma Cure before; it has done me the world of good. I can go to bed and have a good night's rest without being propped up in bed. I shall always keep some by me."—E. C.

These sufferers put their faith in Potter's Asthma Cure and obtained instant relief. Follow their example and prove for yourself that here is the remedy that will make your days as enjoyable as before and sleepless nights a thing of the past. Every chemist everywhere sells Potter's, the one remedy for overcoming Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, as well as Chronic Colds, Coughs, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup and all chest and lung troubles of children. Cannot harm the heart in any way. Potter's Asthma Cure is supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 1/6, or direct post free at 1/9. Learn more about the cause and treatment of Asthma, etc., by filling in the coupon below.

POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE

POST COUPON FOR BOOKLET

To Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 60 Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
Please send me, post free, a copy of your valuable booklet "Are you Asthmatic?"

Name.....

Address.....

John Bull

All outdoor workers who suffer from Asthma or Bronchitis, and are obliged by their occupation to be outdoors in all weathers, should smoke Potter's Asthma Cigarettes and Smoking Mixture. Always carry a supply with you and thus avoid future attacks. Obtainable everywhere.

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

We've got rid of **COLDS and INFLUENZA**

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INSIST ON FENNINGS'. Over 70 years' reputation.
Over 500,000 Bottles sold last year.
Send for a FREE copy of "FENNINGS'—EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" to

ALFRED FENNINGS COWES Isle of Wight

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' WEEKLY WARNINGS

Dapper Charmer's Wiles Exposed

BAD SCHEMES of MR. GOODMAN

PHILLIP GOODMAN, aged 47, is short, dark-haired, sallow, with a slight moustache, perfectly dressed and bubbling with energy.

That's how he looks when he is at his best, using all his persuasive charm to entice people to invest money in one or other of the trumpery schemes he is boosting under his newest nameplate, Bryanston Estates, of Seymour Place, Marylebone, London.

But it is not long before the other side of him is revealed; and that is the real Goodman, just a sharp practice bogus financier. Many who have entrusted him with their money and traders who have supplied goods have found themselves left only with disillusionment.

One of Goodman's companies, Bolsoms Constructions, Ltd., formed only about a year ago, is now being wound up by order of Mr. Justice Grossman.

Charles Bolsom, his associate in this venture, was some time ago behind a big furniture firm in which employees lost large sums that they had been induced to invest to obtain jobs.

A cheque for £2, which the Bank has returned, is all that another of Goodman's victims has retrieved out of £200 he deposited when appointed manager of a garage at Croydon.

It took him only a week or two to realise that he had been fooled. Creditors began to press for payment for goods. The new manager found himself in the same plight when he tried to get back his £200.

That has been the experience of most people supplying goods on credit to Goodman's companies.

Most of the time he has been able to bluster his way through one sham concern after another, sometimes keeping in the background, though actually he has been in control.

When one company, called Montagues, Ltd., trading from St. Andrew's Hill, London, E.C., failed with liabilities of more than £4,000, the only assets were two book debts of £5 and a Bill of Exchange of uncertain value.

He has not always escaped without paying the penalty. Several years ago he served a short term of imprisonment for the part he played in a drapery ramp involving £100,000, and he was sentenced to three years in 1935 for conspiring to cheat and defraud traders.

So make a note of Mr. Goodman and his Bryanston Estates—and keep clear of his propositions.

He has been very active since he came out of prison only a little more than a year ago.

It's Just the Old Acker-maracus!

HERE'S magic while you wait, according to John Edward Acker, of Paternoster Square, London, E.C., who is trying to make people pay about £1 for what he calls "The Concentrator."

"Go into a private room where there is a comfortable armchair," he says in his printed instructions. "Handle the delicate little instrument with loving care. It should then last for years.

"Dampen slightly both temples with a little water . . . then bring the small perforated disc-like box closely to your mouth and breathe warmly upon it about four or five times, each time when ardently saying, for instance: In the name of the Father, In the name of the Son, In the name of the Spirit.—Amen.

"Now adjust the 'Concentrator' and, comfortably seated in a reclining position, go into 'The Silence' by relaxing gradually from the sole of your feet to the tips of hair upon your head."

John Edward Acker

There is lots more of this nonsense, which is supposed to "stimulate Thought Power and Magnetism in your God-given wondrous brain."

When you send for this gadget you have to say whether you are of sound mind, more than seventeen years of age and prepared to join the Prosperity Group.

That's just too bad.

No one in his right senses would bother with such rot.

VANISHING LADY

WHERE is Lady Esther Lilian Makgill? Many traders at Newton Abbot, Devon, would like to know, and they wish, too, that they had known a little more about her when she was living in considerable style at Monks Thatch, Abbotskerswell.

Instead, they gave her credit.

Most of them have been left with worthless cheques, and they have not the remotest idea where she is now. One victim says that she appears to have plundered the whole district "with a skill that indicates lifelong practice."

He is not far wrong.

That is what this unscrupulous woman has been doing for a long time.

She was involved in proceedings in 1935 in which it was proved that she had given 218 worthless cheques.

Still, she was able to do the same thing again shortly afterwards.

Eventually she appeared in the dock at the Old Bailey, and was sent to jail for six months.

Her latest escapades indicate that the lesson taught her then has not been very salutary.

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

Cheated Old Women

AMONG the meanest women crooks I have come across for some time is a contemptible thief who disappeared after a cruel swindle on six old women living in almshouses at Guildford, Surrey.

About forty, and smartly dressed, she answers the description of a woman who uses many assumed names.

Recently she visited the almshouses to tell the inmates she came from the Bournemouth branch of Barclays Bank, where £500 had been deposited for distribution among them.

She was sure they would like to celebrate. So she sent out for a bottle of port. She was preparing to leave, after promising that the money would be paid in a day or two, when she found she had come out without her wallet. Could they lend her some money?

One old soul managed to find £1, another 7s. 6d., and the others varying amounts. In all it was a small sum, but it represented nearly all the cash these poor women possessed.

The Bank knew nothing of such a legacy.

Anyone coming across her should report to the nearest police station at once.

This "bank legacy" trick is the favourite fairy tale of several crooks who have defrauded poor persons in the same way all over the country.

THE R. AND S. TRADING COMPANY

Our attention has been called to the paragraph headed "Stop It!" on page 13 in our issue of October 14 referring to a red notice circulated by the R. and S. Trading Company, of 1, Hanover Yard, Noel Road, London, N.1. The notice referred to does not in any way infer, as was suggested by us, that the company is acting for a Government Department.

This company has, in fact, as stated in the notice circulated by them, been authorised by the Ministry of Supply to continue with its collections of waste paper making materials.

We wish to apologise to the company in question for anything we have published which may have given a contrary impression.

Watch 'em!

BARGAINS in greenhouse heaters, lanterns, and so on, are being advertised by "General," Mitford House, Weedon Road, Northampton.

The concern, General Service Supplies, is owned by Reginald Owen Bird, now in jail for a long firm fraud, and is still being carried on from his old address.

I have in the past received complaints about many ramshackle businesses started by Bird, about which I have issued warnings.

* * *

Transparent Fraud

Impudently inferring that they are Government officials, men are worrying householders to buy what they call "special official pressure tablets" to clean the mica of gas masks.

It is a just a piece of ordinary soap.

* * *

Only Too Trood

"As the Principal of Electro-House School of Medical Electricity and Ray Therapy, I can offer you postal tuition in all branches of the subjects," writes Leo Trood, of Windsor Road, Worthing, to those who reply to his advertisements.

He will also fleece you of two or three guineas, like the fee-snatcher he is.

Public Benefactor

This week's £1 1s. goes to Mrs. Jessie McConbrie, of Derry Road, Strabane, Co. Tyrone.

Tell me of anything you think needs exposing. Mark envelope: Public Benefactor.

BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE . . .

I HOPE this warning is in time to save chosen victims from succumbing to the blandishments of L. T. Feldmar, of Buckingham Gate, London, S.W., whose stock letter says, "In these difficult times you, in common with many others, may be suffering from the financial depression through no fault of your own and therefore be in need of assistance.

"As I have been able to help others, it may be that I can help you. Please consult me. Such consultation will not involve obligation of any kind."

Won't it?

I can assure you that there will be very involved obligations.

Feldmar's proffered help is merely the ante-room to the hall of fee-snatching.

Until recently he was connected with a firm flaunting the imposing title of Crocker, Lewis, Robinson and Colbourne.

Many persons might have been tempted to imagine that this concern was linked with the famous legal firm of William Crocker, which was frequently in the news because of its investigation of arson and faked insurance claims.

There was no one of that name associated with the company!

Colbourne, who with Feldmar really comprised the firm, is a rogue I have several times exposed.

Feldmar knows all the tricks.

Give him a wide berth.

Argue it Out

AGE in the SHADOWS

By Pallas

WE have toiled through the centuries to destroy the barriers of fear that beset mankind. For thousands of years man, whether his skin be white or brown, red or yellow, has sought in the bitterness of life the comforting solace of Death.

Poet and philosopher have sung the praises of Death as a release from the fever and the fret of life; as an end of the weary road.

Religions of all nations, of all creeds, have built up the vision of Paradise. Priests and preachers have called men to worship to the glory of the Creator, to believe in the Supreme Being who, in the end, will give them Eternal Peace.

Yet, what a mountain of fear man remains.

And how, as the end draws nearer, does he shrink, ever more afraid, from the shadows of Eternity!

I have just read in the *British Medical Journal*: "Virtually all who live to seventy and upwards think of little else but what they should do to preserve their health so that they may keep on living longer."

There is something pitiful in the sight of age clinging fiercely to the shreds of life.

There is something utterly selfish in age which foists itself on youth, demanding cares and comforts, caresses and attention.

Even the best of old people are not without the taint of selfishness.

In their declining years they impose on sons and daughters a tyranny which deprives girls of the heritage of motherhood and happiness, and robs men of fame and success.

I know a girl who cut the selfish bonds that tied her to a thoroughly selfish father. She dared to marry. He accused her of ingratitude, of selfishness, of leaving him stranded.

And he was a man with enough money to live his own life. . .

Every little pain, every little ache, is to him a forerunner of Death. The doctors wax rich on his pathetic fears, but the married daughter has a hell of a life responding to desperate appeals.

Why must age long with such intensity for more years?

Which man or woman, having attained seventy, can say with truth that Life has been good to them, that there has been no remorse, no sorrow, no disillusionment?

Always in old age is the terror of loneliness; always there is the fear of being unwanted.

And ever is that massive shadow of the unknown darkening the fading light of life and action and the warmth of the fire and the creature comforts that age loves so dearly.

MAN is small. Life is small. But with the smallness there is noise—the big noise of a creature which determines to make itself heard above the elements that rule the earth.

And as the end approaches man becomes smaller—and noisier.

There are old people who face Death with a serenity which only a life of peace and beauty can bring.

They are the blessed of the gods. In them is neither fear nor regret.

They are ready to reap that reward of a faith which has upheld them in their earthly days of trouble.

They pass in their thousands, their eyes untroubled and at peace, their minds at rest and their weary bodies ready at long last to yield to the long-enduring night.

How happy they are, those who can enter the eternal pastures without a struggle, aided by the strength of a soul that knows no doubt.

And how happy they are that they can echo with thankfulness the words of Swinburne:

"Even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea."

HANNEN SWAFFER

(he knows everybody) presents you with a frank portrait of Ronald Cross, the Good Boy of Politics who is running our blockade of Germany. The new Minister, says Swaffer, is too amiable a man for the job. In war you must be implacable . . . .

"STRANGLER" with an OLD SCHOOL TIE

IF you want to strangle Germany—send for the Old School Tie!

That perhaps explains the appointment of Ronald Hibbert Cross as Minister of Economic Warfare. He is an Old Etonian!

M.P.s generally can find no other reason. For, hitherto, Ronald Hibbert Cross has been merely dull and conventional—a Good Boy in politics.

The Premier has in the three key positions of his Cabinet—running the Navy, the Army and the Air—men who, whatever other qualities they may lack, at least possess drive.

BUT—whenever he makes a new appointment, outside the War Cabinet itself, he usually meets with the criticism of nearly everybody except the docile Yes-Men.

Modern war is not war only on the battlefield, on the seas or in the air. Victory, nowadays, is the result of harnessing together every one of the nation's activities.

And the main criticism of the Government is that, outside the arena of actual war, it does not correlate, but leaves departments to work separately, each on its own.

NOW, "Economic Warfare" should not merely be preventing Germany from buying goods abroad so that she can carry on the war and selling goods abroad so that she can get cash with which to buy more goods.

It should be part of a larger plan, for which a Home Cabinet is necessary.

Faced with the need for finding for neutral countries vital supplies that, hitherto, they have got from Germany, Ronald Hibbert Cross cannot efficiently supply them from Britain—and that is necessary if we are to get all the money needed for the war—unless he is part of a Home Cabinet which will scientifically extend our own productive possibilities.

Bureaucracy is slowing them down!

So far, Ronald Hibbert Cross has shown none of the drive which would force his views upon any other Department.

He has ideas of his own, but, unfortunately, he is almost the readiest man in the House to sink them and follow his leaders.

That is the worst weakness of the Old School Tie Tradition—"niceness," acquiescence.

On the other hand, it is useful in another side of the "Ministry of Blockade" job—explaining to neutrals that what you are doing to their annoyance is really in their long-term interest.

What is the new Minister's record? He is now forty-three.

Soon after leaving Eton he served, in the last war, in the old R.F.C. Then, instead of entering the big cotton business in which his grandfather had founded the considerable family fortunes, he found expression for his liking for economics as a merchant banker.

BECOMING an M.P., he played "Follow My Leader" with great success. From an Old Boy, he became a Good Boy.

In 1933, he moved the Loyal Address. In 1935, he became Parliamentary Private Secretary to the Minister of Agriculture.

Then, after being a Whip, he was Vice-Chamberlain to the Royal Household in 1937. As such, he had to make little daily reports of Parliament for the King—who probably read Hansard, anyway.

Ronald Hibbert Cross is known, in politics, as a chivalrous opponent, a man so "fair" that he actually left it to Lord Derby to decide, in 1931, whether he or a National Liberal should fight Rossendale. He is also an amusing conversationalist if he knows his audience.

Now, most of this is praise of Cross the Man. *But it is pretty severe criticism of a Minister who should be known, in his new job, as "Strangler Cross."*

I am afraid his hands are too soft, too clean. . . .

In war, you want a bit of a Double Cross.

NO HELP for HER

ALREADY the war has produced its New Poor. Thousands of professional workers, their jobs gone, find there is no unemployment pay, no pensions for widows, no relief for such as them. The future is a gaunt, shadowy spectre.

You will find it easier to picture their plight after you have read this true story:

Founder of a prosperous business in the heart of London, a philanthropist paid many scores of thousands of pounds away in salaries and wages.

He paid thousands to the State in income tax.

He founded the "National" Roll Movement to find work for the unemployed at great expense to himself.

He gave to charities—£3.000 in one cheque in 1929, to help in the slump, and smaller cheques on hundreds of occasions.

With one of those broad sweeps for which he was famous he bequeathed his wife money that would have made her independent for life. Yet when he died two years ago, she found that all he had left was debts.

A JOHN BULL representative visiting Mrs. Mary Hammersley the other day at her little home in Reeves Road, Chelston, Torquay, found her in excruciating poverty.

She had sought work, even though she was 62 and in ill-health. She showed treasured pictures of her husband with notable people in an effort to get work, any work. But in war time nobody had work for her.

When she tried to get a widow's pension, she was told her husband "hadn't been a worker."

She sought relief.

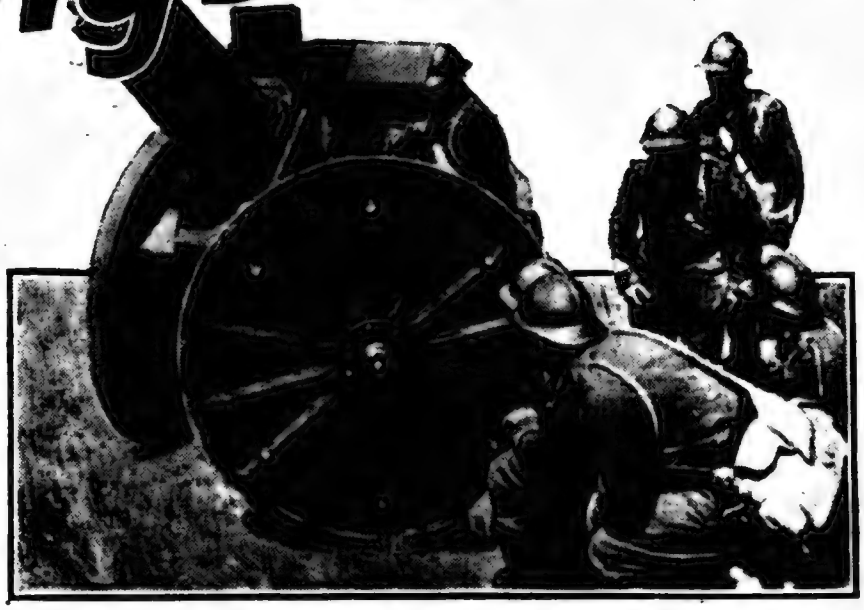
Officials were very kind, but not a penny piece of relief has gone her way.

Something must be done for this woman, whose husband paid thousands to the State. The excuse, "He was not a worker," is not good enough.

It is not good enough for thousands of professional people who, now down-and-out, find the State unwilling to pay them back one penny piece of the money they paid gladly when they were in a position to pay

These five M's prove conclusively that Germany cannot hope to win the War

Things We Know



France has the largest, most powerful, and best-led army in the world

WE know many things about this war, but they all boil down to one essential fact: GERMANY CAN'T WIN;

Germany cannot win because the Allies are stronger than she is in every one of the five "M's":—

MONEY,
MATERIALS,
MEN,
MACHINES,
MORALE.

Now we'll take these five "M's" singly and tell you some of the things we know about each.

1. **MONEY.** We know that when the war started Great Britain and France between them owned five thousand million pounds' worth of gold and foreign securities.

Germany had about fifty million pounds' worth.

At the end of last August we know that paper money circulating in Germany totalled more than a thousand million Reichsmarks, nominally worth about a hundred million pounds. The gold backing for these notes was not more than .80 per cent., or, say, twopence to the pound.

In the first week of war, the German note circulation increased by nearly two hundred million pounds nominal. This reduced the proportionate gold backing by .17 per cent., so that each pound in Reichsmarks had become worth less than twopence in gold.

2. **MATERIALS.** We know that Germany is short of most of the materials vital to her war needs.

The Allies are also short of some of these. But the Allies can import what they need because they can pay for them and because they control the seas.

We know—because we remember—that in the last war the enemy occupied Belgium, Servia, Roumania, Poland and the Ukraine. Czecho-Slovakia and Hungary then formed part of the Dual Monarchy. And still, before 1917 was out, the enemy troops were on short commons and the people half-starved!

We know that to-day Germany cannot claim control of Belgium, Roumania, Hungary, Servia, or the Ukraine.

And Russia holds half Poland!

And the British blockade started immediately!

And Turkey, with the Central Powers in the last War, has lined up against the Nazis in this one!

We know that, with all her bloodless conquests, Germany still has to import three-quarters of the iron ore she needs.

We know that she has to import almost all her aluminium, manganese, mercury, chromium, tungsten and nickel, and, furthermore, that the bulk of these raw materials essential to warfare have to be obtained from outside Europe.

That means that they cannot reach her except by ships which run the blockade successfully.

We know that Germany makes quantities of synthetic rubber, so inferior to the genuine article that the "ersatz" tyres peeled off the heavy transport wheels even during the bloodless march on Austria.

But we also know that, even before the war, she needed to import four-fifths of her rubber requirements and that Britain virtually controls the world's rubber supply.

As regards petrol, we know that Germany's position is scarcely less desperate. Her peace-time requirements totalled seven million tons a year. In war time, with her highly mechanised army, she needs treble this amount.

And we know she can produce about two-and-a-half million tons synthetically from coal; that she may have managed to store a maximum of four or five million tons; that captured oilfields in Poland may yield, say, half a million tons, and that she is counting upon Russia to help her out.

We don't yet know what Russia may try to do, but we do know that, even if Stalin wanted to keep Hitler supplied with petrol, he hasn't got it to give.

Seven years ago, Russia had an exportable surplus of petrol of about six million tons. Last year the surplus was barely one million. And that was before her own mechanised armies took the field in huge numbers.

We know that Germany wants timber and grain, and is going to get a million tons of the latter from Russia as soon as delivery can be organised. But Germany must supply cash or machinery in exchange, and we don't know how she can do that!

At present all the Nazi factories are at full blast on war work: if they start making machinery for the Soviets their war output must be proportionately reduced.

3. **MEN.** Germany has a magnificent army. We know that she can put at least five million men into the field, and that, provided she escapes an economic crack-up in the meantime, she might find another three million to replace losses before all her man-power was exhausted.

And we know that the German troops are grand soldiers.

BUT WE ALSO KNOW THAT TO-DAY THE FRENCH ARMY IS THE MOST POWERFUL IN THE WORLD NUMERICALLY, AND IS INCOMPARABLY BETTER LED THAN THE GERMAN ARMY.

France has five million men under arms now, and every one of them has done his full period of military training. Germany wasn't able to reintroduce conscription until after Hitler's rise to power.

We know that General von Fritsch, since assassinated, tried to turn Germany's small standing army into "a hundred thousand sergeants," and made a good shot at it; but the men trained in those early days of Nazidom were barely numerous enough to supply thirty-six divisions with N.C.O.s and junior officers.

Since then the Nazi armies, mushroom-grown to their present huge total of some 110 divisions, have been ill-equipped with these "backbone" leaders.

Apart from all this, we know that the British Army, still small in numbers by comparison with the huge conscript armies of France, our friend, and Germany, our enemy, is superbly equipped.

And we know that, with a million of our men in uniform already, we are steadily training and equipping our "inexhaustible reserves."

We have not only our own people to draw upon, but also the vast population of the Empire, which before the last war ended had enabled us to muster a British total of nearly eight million men.

4. **MACHINES.** We know, naturally, that the British and French Navies rule the seas.

We know that the modern German Navy, excepting only its submarines, dare not leave German waters.

We know that we have sunk at least a quarter and crippled probably not less than a third of the German U-boat fleet.

But the Nazis have a strong air force. We know that, too, and we don't feel inclined to underestimate it.

Nevertheless, though no official figures can be published now, we know that the Allied air strength is greater than the German air strength; that Allied machines are, broadly speaking, more modern and capable of better performance; and that the Allied replacement rate is already higher than the German, and that the proportion is increasing daily in our favour.

And, beyond the slightest question, we know that the fighters and bombers of our own front line strength are better and more durable machines than their best German counterparts.

We know that many of our planes have a higher "ceiling," because the German engines won't stand up to heavy supercharging.

We know that our best engines have three times the life of the German engines.

We know that the training of German pilots has been rushed through at top speed with heavy casualties in consequence.

We know that each qualified Nazi pilot, in eighty hours' training, wears out three engines and costs Germany more than £4,000.

And we know that Britain started this war with 30,000 men already able to fly and that, from now on, we can train fresh pilots safely and at our leisure in the great Dominion of Canada.

5. **MORALE.** We know that Nazi Germany is seething with internal discontent.

We know that when Hitler came to power, one of the world's greatest trades union movements was disbanded and driven under cover. And we know that most of those former trades unionists still oppose the Nazi régime.

We also know that the Social Democratic Party is still strong in under-cover adherents; that millions of German Catholics and Protestants dumbly resent the arrogant attempt to subordinate all religion to the gospel of Hitlerism.

The "conquered" peoples of Czecho-Slovakia, Poland—aye, and Austria—dream always of liberation; and 400,000 agents of the Gestapo must be retained within the frontiers of the Reich itself to suppress disaffection.

We know—for Hitler has told his own people so—that "there has always been misery (in Germany); there is misery to-day, and there always will be misery."

And we know that a house divided against itself must fall, and that, for that reason alone—

GERMANY CANNOT WIN.

Without Fear or Favour
By the EDITOR

Will Scott continues his series of brilliant short stories by introducing a little man who found it was too easy to be a rebel when once he started

Mr. Himble's Hat..

MR. HIMBLE told his wife he was going for good. For ever. Clearing out. Meaning all the time to be gone three months; just long enough to teach her a proper lesson.

Three months. . . .

And here he was after a fortnight, sick of it all and wanting to go back!

It had taken him hours to screw up courage enough to tell her he was going. He wondered now how many hours it was going to take him to screw up the courage necessary to go back.

It was going to take a bit of doing.

He sat in a teashop surrounded by people who didn't care if he died, and his soul was weary for home.

Even with Mrs. Himble and her ways. . . .

Home. . . .

He sighed, and a woman at the next table got the idea that that old fool had fallen in love with a typist, somewhere.

COURAGE. Yes, it had taken a bit of courage. It had taken a lot of courage. Looking back, he couldn't believe it was true—couldn't believe that the rebellious little man who had said his piece and cleared out could ever have been himself.

Henry Himble. Forty-nine. Bowler hat and made-up tie. Clerk at somebody's Wholesale in Wood Street.

Henry Himble, rebel. Himself.

It all came back to him. In fact, it never really went away from him. It startled him when he thought of it.

"Going, Henry?" That was his wife, standing very pale near the fireplace.

Since long before they were married she had said, "Henry, you will do this," or "Henry, you will do that." And he had done it.

More often it was "Henry, you will not do this," or "Henry, you will not do that."

And he hadn't done it.

For twenty-six years!

It often made him think that if he'd been born black he'd have been a slave on somebody's plantation. Even the fact that slavery had been abolished would have made no difference. Henry was Henry.

Until now!

"Going, Henry?" Mrs. Himble had said, standing very pale near the fireplace. "For how long?"

"For good."

"For good?"

"For ever!"

He remembered he stood for a moment by the door, just blinking at her. Then he put his hand up to the hat rack, and took down his hat.

And he went. . . .

For ever, she thought. For three months, he thought; just long enough to teach her a proper lesson.

And now, after only fourteen days, if somebody had begun to sing "Home, Sweet Home," Henry Himble would have burst into tears. Even here in the teashop.

He put his elbow on the table and rested his head on his hand and stared at nothing, and had never felt so miserable in his life.

Henry Himble, rebel.

SHE put her elbow on the table and rested her head on her hand and stared at nothing, and had never felt so miserable in her life.

Mrs. Henry Himble, manager of men. Manager of one man, at all events.

Or so she had imagined herself in the dear dead days gone by.

She had only had to say "Henry, do this," and he had done it. For twenty-six years. Every minute of the night and day. All the time. Except for the few hours when he was away at Wood Street.

And now he was gone and she would never see him again!

A fortnight and not a word from him. Not so much as a postcard. Not a hint.

Henry had gone. For ever. . . .

There was some proverb she could not clearly recall about being wise after the horse had left the stable. It kept half coming back to her. . . .

And something catty that Mrs. Gibbs had said.

"A man's got to have his way sometimes. He earns the money. He keeps the home going. He can't expect to be kept in a kennel all his life. A woman who wants to keep a dog should keep a dog."

She had resented it at the time. She had, indeed, never looked the Gibbs woman's way since. But now, with Henry gone for ever, it made you think.

She had been *managing*, she knew. Could she help that? It was the way you were born. And Henry simply *couldn't* manage.

Perhaps she had—just a bit—piled it on. He had *never* had his own way. She had always had the idea that to have his own way wouldn't be good for Henry. And, to be fair to her, Henry had seemed to have that idea too.

On the hat-rack in the hall she saw two of his hats on their pegs. His smart Sunday one and his shabby old cloth one—the one he liked to wear in the garden when she told him he could go and look after the garden.

Henry's hats. . . .

They hadn't started it. At least, they had, she supposed, been one of the dozens of things which had started it.

But they had, definitely, finished it. Put the lid on it, as he had said. Something about the last straw—that's what she had heard him muttering.

HENRY had a nasty habit. He had lots of nasty habits, but one in particular always *infuriated* her. He *would*, when he came in, always throw his hat on the chair.

He knew she didn't like it. If she had told him once, she had told him a thousand times. Three thousand times, possibly.

"Henry, don't throw your hat on the chair. Put it on the hat-rack. What is the hat-rack for?"

And at last, after perhaps the three-thousandth time, he had boiled up. Over *that!*

Boiled up and said the most dreadful things.

And gone!

(Continued on page 22)

"Henry, don't throw your hat on the chair. Put it on the rack. What else is the hat-rack for?"

There's glamour in the Odol Smile

The flash of pearly teeth between smiling lips wins all hearts—and there's no more winning smile than the Odol Smile.

If yours is an Odol Smile, it's a smile of confidence, because every Odol user knows that while the enamel coating of the teeth is protected against damage, decay germs attack in vain. Only a tooth-paste like Odol can give you this protection.

So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made—it gives you the winning smile—the Odol Smile.

Get it at any chemist or stores 6d. and 1/- per tube.

Odol

If you prefer a Solid Dentifrice, try Odol Dentifrice, 6d. a large size tin

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is gentle
persuasive
natural.

LIXEN
the good-natured
LAXATIVE

- non griping
- not habit-forming
- gentle & thorough
- best for children, adults & invalids
- Obtainable only from chemists

LIXEN in pleasant fruit-flavoured lozenges. Tins of 12—7½d. 24—1/-.
LIXEN ELIXIR in bottles at 1/-, 1 9d. and 3/-.
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.3

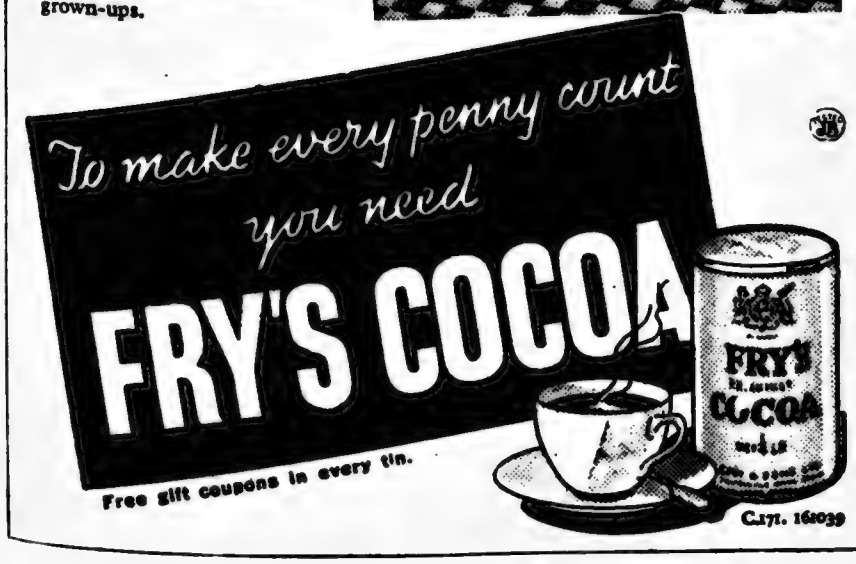
L.37

YOU CAN'T GET 9 CHOPS FOR 6d. — but you can get just as much energy from a ¼ lb. tin of FRY'S COCOA

To make sure that every penny you spend is giving you a full return, always remember this: FRY'S COCOA IS FOOD. ***Every cupful of Fry's Cocoa is a cupful of energy.*** **Everyone, working or idling, playing or sitting quietly, is burning up energy the whole time. Unless this energy is replaced, general health will be endangered — resistance to sickness may break down.**

THE ENERGY FOOD-DRINK. Scientists have worked out that the cups of cocoa (made in the usual way with milk, sugar and water) that you get from a ¼ lb. tin of Fry's Cocoa for 6d., give you as much energy as 21 eggs, or 1¾ lbs. of steak, or over 4½ pounds of hake, or 9 chops. *As a meal-time drink Fry's stands out by itself for nourishment value.* And it's delicious. Children love it at every meal. Take home a tin to-day.

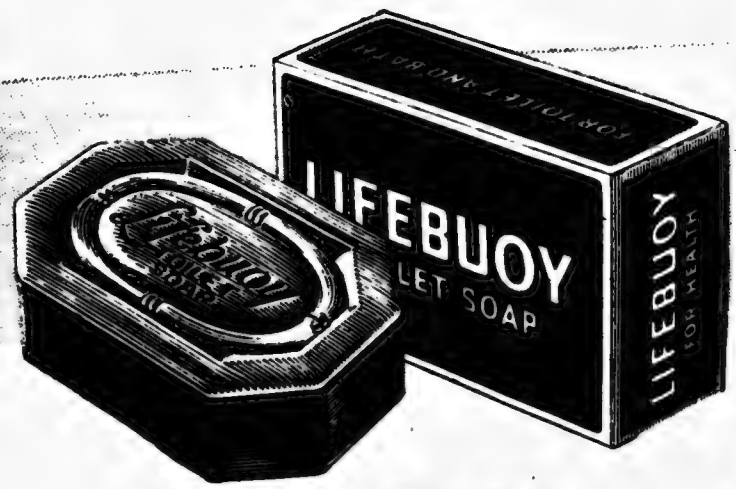
ACTIVE HOUSEWIVES MUST HAVE 2,900 CALORIES A DAY. Scientists measure energy in Calories. Active housewives burn up 2,900 Calories a day. Unless their diet contains at least 2,900 Calories to replace them, they will lose their strength and efficiency. Children especially, need a diet that will keep their energy going. Because Fry's Cocoa is an important source of Calories, it is of the greatest value in ensuring the proper growth of children, and maintaining the fitness of grown-ups.



After long hours of mental strain, or a hard spell of manual work

find new vigour and freshness in a bath with

LIFEBUOY TOILET SOAP



Prevents "B.O."

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

BT 461-66-6D

"4 HEFTY KIDS —and only 30/- a week to feed them on"

says **Mrs. WILKINS**
of Slindon, Sussex

HERE ARE THE DETAILS OF MRS. WILKINS' WEEKLY BUDGET

	£	s.	d.
Rent		10	9
Coal		5	0
Gas		2	3
Insurance		2	0
Food	1	10	0
Clothes Club		2	0
Husband's Expenses, Shoe-mending, etc.		8	0
	£3	0	0

All her family get nourishing meals since Mrs. Wilkins discovered that **ROWNTREE'S COCOA AIDS DIGESTION**

"HEAVENS ALIVE, what appetites those kiddo-s of mine have got," smiled busy Mrs. Wilkins. "My, this country air makes 'em hungry!

"But all I can spare for food for all of us is 30/- a week. And even then it's such a struggle that I have to make most of their clothes myself.

"However, I do very well with their food, thanks be to Rowntree's Cocoa. Y'see, I've found that it makes every meal more nourishing — and we *all* feel more satisfied after a meal with Rowntree's. In fact, we've *proved* for ourselves that Rowntree's Cocoa *aids digestion* and so makes *all* the food more nourishing."

Four little country rapscallions — and four grown-up little appetites! Jockeys and horses in this race eat about the same amount of fodder, mother says!

• • •

ROWNTREE'S COCOA IS A FOOD made by a special "pre-digestive" process, so that it is not only more digestible and nourishing itself — it actually helps people to digest all their other food *more quickly* and *with less effort*. This means children get more goodness out of their meals — put on extra bone and muscle.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA has a lovely, rich chocolaty flavour. You need only half a teaspoonful to a cup — that's why it's so much more economical than ordinary cocoa and "chocolate" drinks. Remember this too: because Rowntree's is *pre-digested* it helps your supper or late night snack to "go down better." Digestive troubles can't disturb your sleep.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA *Aids digestion*

MAKES EVERY MEAL GO FURTHER

CONTINUING "MR. HIMBLE'S HAT"

When a Rebel Goes Home

And now a fortnight had passed, and never a sign from Henry.

The house was so quiet. So meaningless. She spent her days wandering from room to room, trying to find things to do; finding nothing to do.

If only Henry would come back. . . .

And although she never *would* speak to that Gibbs woman again as long as breath was in her body, she was beginning to admit, softly, as it were, to herself, that Henry had been just a trifle caged in.

"I wish — he'd come back," she said to the overmantel. "He could do—just as he liked."

AND having got so far, and being by herself with nobody to listen, she went the whole distance and made full confession.

She faced it and admitted it. Henry had been henpecked. For all the years they had been married and for a year or two before.

He had never been able to call his soul his own.

And it was *her* fault. . . .

Novels she had read came back to her. Films she had seen. She had despised them at the time.

Now she wondered.

And the scalding words of that terrible Gibbs woman. . . .

"If only he would come back . . . Henry! It would be so different. Right from the beginning. He could have his nights off—join a club—smoke when he liked and what he liked—live his own life in his own way. If only he would come back. . . ."

But he was gone. For ever. He never would come back now.

Fourteen whole days and never a word from him.

Mrs. Himble wanted to cry.

MR. HIMBLE wanted to cry.

Fourteen whole days here in the wilderness. Never a soul to speak to. Never a thing to do. It was so empty, so meaningless. As well be dead as *this*!

And he had thought he could last out three months, until she was cured beyond all chance of relapse!

He got up savagely (for Henry Himble) and thrust his way through the crowded teashop. He cannoned into a man without knowing.

"Where do you think you're going?" said the man.

"Home," said Henry Himble, still without seeing the man.

Home. Well, if there was a nicer word in the English language than that Henry Himble would like to hear it.

He caught a train at Victoria and went out to his familiar suburb. When he got out and climbed into his familiar bus he began to feel thin about the knees.

What had she told the neighbours? And what would the neighbours say?

And what would *she* say?

Come to that, what would *he* say?

It had been hard enough to go. Already it was feeling ten thousand times harder to go back.

He wondered if it would get into the papers —the horrible little local papers which raked up everything. Though he didn't see how it could, really. He hadn't *done* anything.

He'd simply cleared out. There was nothing in that.

Until you wanted to clear in again. . . .

He got off the bus and walked towards the little avenue where they had lived ever since they came back from their honeymoon, except for the fortnight each year when they went to some seaside resort which she always chose, whether he wanted to go there or not.

The little avenue.

He began to walk slower.

What he was going to say he just couldn't guess

He came to the house. Villa he called it. There was the old name on the gate. He had wanted a plate, but she had said he could paint it just as nicely. It would save money and keep him out of mischief.

Twenty years ago, that . . .

He opened the gate.

He began to wish himself dead and in heaven. And he wouldn't have insisted on heaven if only he could have been comfortably dead.

There wasn't a sound. Had she, too, he wondered, *gone*?

He opened the door. It opened so very quickly. If only it had stuck or something it would have given him more time to think.

Think. . . . That's what he wanted to do. Think. He'd got to say *something* when he went in. This was terrible. Inside the headband of his City hat his head was hot damp.

He closed the door.

"Who's that?" said a startled voice.

She was in the sitting room.

HE opened the sitting room door and stood there staring.

She looked much the same. More startled perhaps than he had ever seen her look. But much the same.

He threw his hat on the chair and stood there gaping without a word. His head was pumping. She was saying something.

". . . knew you'd come back. . . . All my fault. . . . Things are going to be so different. . . . Have your own way. . . ."

"W—what?" said Henry.

"Henry, dear," said his wife. "don't throw your hat on the chair, dear. Put it on the hat-rack. And come and let's talk things over, as we ought to have done years ago."

He stared at her. Stared at his City hat on the chair and back again at her.

Then he put his hand up to the hat-rack and plucked off its peg the shabby old cloth one which had always been his favourite.

"Took the wrong hat," he said.

And went. . . .

ANOTHER Will Scott Story NEXT WEEK!

"He opened the door. It opened so quickly . . ."

Here's Your 10-Minute Wits Test

In each of the prize *Bullets* below, one of the winning words is incompletely printed—dots indicate number of missing letters.

As a ten-minute Wits Test, see if you can fill in that blank in each prize effort.

For your answers consult page 35, where you will see the actual completed *Bullet* which has brought a useful war-time cheque to a JOHN BULL reader this week.

Remember—each of these prize efforts which you can successfully complete proves that *you* can build a prize *Bullet* for yourself.

TO BEAT THE U-BOATS
TRUST JACK AND T . . L
TOMMY WANTS
BRIGHTER B . . . . . Y, YOU BLIGHTERS!

SHINING THROUGH
STRAY RAY MAY B . . . . Y.
SUNK WITHOUT WARNING
POILU, ON BRITISH B . . R!

3-Minute Mystery

HATE IS A THIEF

DIVISIONAL Intelligence Officers Captain John Connolly and Lieutenant Alan Stewart were on their knees examining a hole chiselled in the concrete floor of the provision warehouse.

"Getting through there must have been a squeeze, even for a thin man," said Connolly.

He carefully detached the loose pieces of concrete still adhering lightly to the inner surface of the hole by tapping them with a fingernail.

Then he turned to James Richeson, proprietor of the business.

"You saw Major Stevens climbing down through that hole, didn't you?" he queried. "When you searched the warehouse you found that a safe had been smashed open and about £30 stolen?"

"Yes, it is!" Richeson answered. "It was just after midnight. I happened to come down here and I saw him just getting down through that hole. He'd broken into the coal-cellar, and chiselled his way up."

"You're willing to swear it was Major Stevens?"

"Yes, I am. I'd know him anywhere. I shined my torch right on his face."

"Well, Major Stevens says he didn't leave his quarters all night."

"He would!"

"You hate Stevens, don't you?" countered Connolly. "You had the camp contract, but Major Stevens cancelled it because you were overcharging."

"It was not true. He did it so his brother-in-law would get the contract."

"You're going to be arrested, Mr. Richeson," said the Captain. "You're a public mischief, and you've been making false accusations. You faked this 'robbery.'"

How did Connolly know?—

(Turn to page 32.)

WAR 'FARE' NEEDS MY FRUITY FLAVOUR!

SAYS *Master Okay* —*the Saucy Boy.*

You'll get full nourishment from your "War Fare"—whether it be breakfast, lunch or supper—with a dash of O.K. Sauce. Its rich fruity content gives maximum energy and enjoyment and makes the plainest fare delicious. Children love it and it keeps them fit.

Prices as usual

At all good Stores.

MASON'S **O.K.**

THE SAUCE THAT DOES YOU GOOD

"It's a jolly good thing we've got 'MANSION' to keep the home looking bright and cheery during this black-out business"
"Yes, John,- and the beauty of it is, that 'MANSION' gives a lasting shine so easily!"

Mansion Polish is made from the finest waxes obtainable. All waxes are subjected to exacting laboratory tests, and are specially refined, purified, and scientifically blended to a consistency which makes "Mansion" easy and economical to spread and ensures a hard, bright, and extremely lasting brilliance to Floors and Furniture. Its antiseptic and cleansing properties also maintain the highest standard of hygiene in the home.

Mansion Polish

FOR FLOORS, FURNITURE AND LINOLEUM

TINS 3d., 6d. and Larger Sizes.

Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4.

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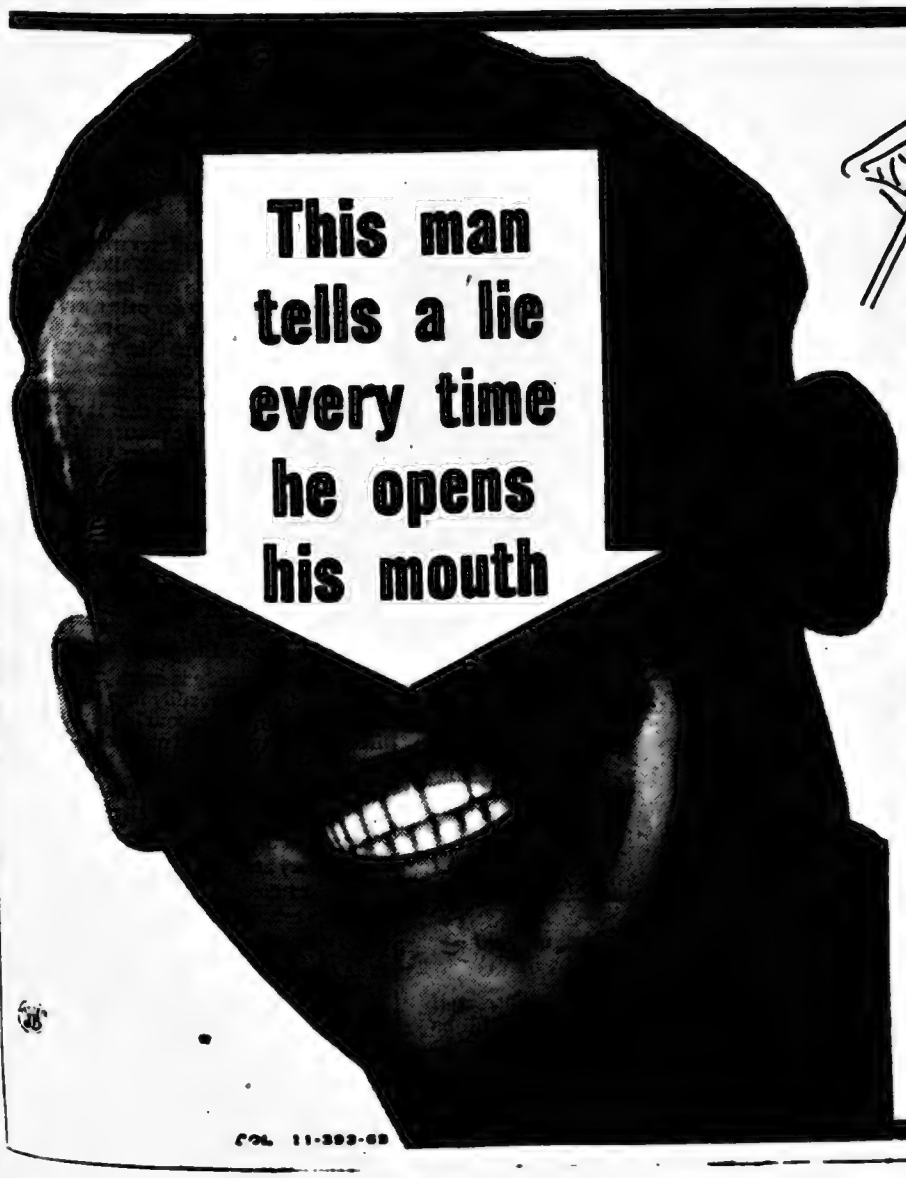

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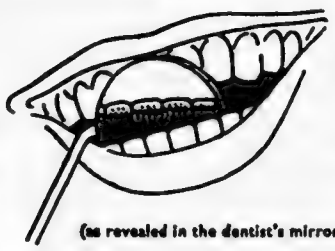


his teeth are "white lies"!

(as revealed in the dentist's mirror)

WHITE IN FRONT... BUT ENCRUSTED WITH TARTAR BEHIND!

There's no excuse *now* for your teeth to be "white lies," because by giving them twice-daily cleaning with Solidox you can make sure that they tell the truth! Solidox, the amazing new toothpaste, does more than merely whiten teeth—it prevents tartar and removes it if already present. Only Solidox can make this claim, because only Solidox contains the unique ingredient, Ricinosulphate (covered by British Patent No. 259942), *proved* to remove and prevent tartar. *And no matter how often or how long you use Solidox it cannot harm the delicate enamel of the teeth.*

Remember—teeth that are white lies may eventually be condemned. Play safe—make *sure* that *your* teeth tell the truth—give them the gentle Solidox cleaning twice a day; check up with your dentist regularly.

SOLIDOX

TOOTHPASTE

6D BIG TUBE

. . . makes dull teeth white, keeps white teeth right

JOHN ELLIOTT LTD., LONDON, E.16

HUMANIST *discusses the problem of the parent whose child is developing into a sullen rogue—*

My SON is a THIEF!

His systematic pilfering has brought grey hairs to his mother's head and his father is convinced he is beginning a life of crime

MOST heartbreaking of all the letters poured into my postbag by troubled parents is a note of misery from a mother whose son is a thief. She faces the worst of all problems, and can look forward to the future only with a terrible dread of shame.

"Three years ago I missed sixpence from the kitchen shelf," she says, in telling the pathetic story of a child's dishonesty that is turning her hair white through worrying. "When my nine-year-old son had gone to bed, I found an almost full packet of cigarettes in his pocket. He admitted the theft.

"Since, there has been systematic pilfering.

"The boy's father has missed money from his pocket, and silver has been taken from my purse. One day a tradesman called to see whether I had sent my son for chocolates, to be paid for later.

"After giving the chocolates to the boy, he caught him sharing them with a crowd of other lads. My husband and I did not say anything, but left a marked shilling within easy reach. The boy handed it to the tradesman next day to pay for the chocolates.

"My husband beat the boy so severely that I could not send him to school for a week.

"Stealing still goes on.

"I missed another sixpence about a month ago, but instead of punishing the boy I had a heart-to-heart talk with him. When I finished he said, 'Well, the record has run down at last!'

"My son also steals food and his father's tools.

"I persuaded him to join the Boy Scouts, but he was turned out for spending his contributions. When he joined a local Boys' Club he kept bringing home all sorts of things, a perfectly good billiards cue, a new football, a new jersey and knickers. He said he had won them, but he was soon turned out of the club.

"He is sending me to my grave with worry. I am only thirty-four, but my hair is turning white through everlasting fear of what is to happen to my child."

THIS is exceptionally serious. These parents seem to have tried punishment, reasoning, lecturing, all to no purpose. The vicar has admonished the youth, and the father is now desperately thinking of handing his son over to the police.

Even that may not cure him. It seems as though nothing can prevent his spending half his life in jail. No wonder mother's hair is turning white.

If he is a kleptomaniac, no punishment can stop his stealing. And I advise the parents to persuade the boy's headmaster to send the youth to a psychological institution for investigation.

There he will at least be treated as though he is the victim of a disease and not an outcast.

The uselessness of thrashing is proved by another mother who complains that her son has started stealing.

"HE began by filching cigarettes," she says, "and now he has been caught taking a shilling and a flash-lamp from his grandmother's home.

"I have thrashed him soundly, talked to him, kept him indoors after school instead of letting him go out to play. I am heart-broken. And I can't understand why he should do it. He has plenty of everything that a boy needs."

I have advised the mother to stop punishing the boy, as it is obviously ineffectual, and not to let him see how she is worrying.

A boy who realises that his parents are worrying about him is given a sense of importance. He enjoys being in the limelight.

These parents should also take the teachers into their confidence and if possible arrange for the delinquent to attend a clinic where a psychologist will try to find the root of the trouble.

The question of punishment is also raised by a father who is having trouble with his three-year-old daughter, "a sweet, intelligent child."

"UNTIL a short time ago, she gave us no trouble at all," says the troubled parent; "but lately she has had fits of screaming. The more I try to check her, the worse she becomes.

"When I take her out she is far better behaved than most children of her age. At home she is very difficult.

"I do not like spanking her, yet the other night I was forced to slap her and afterwards I was very sorry. She is so young. But she must learn to obey and keep a measure of order.

"Many parents are troubled in the same way as I am. Would you punish more and more severely until a cure is effected, or would you try to overcome these tantrums by less harsh methods?

"It is wrong to spoil a child, yet it is even more terrible to turn a child against one by harshness. To be harsh causes so much regret afterwards."

It would be silly to say "Never spank"!

Even our advanced psychologists do a little spanking occasionally, but it should be as rare as possible and the child should always clearly know the reason.

Children have a keen sense of justice.

An undeserved caning creates a resentment and does incalculable harm, but when a child has "asked for it" he does not bear malice.

There are a few over-sensitive children who should never be beaten at all.

"What! No walkies to-night?" says Pip

THEY'VE turned out the street lamps. They say it's bedtime after tea .... and always, always it's sorry-old-chap-no-walkies-in-the-black-out. Gosh! But he's a 'plus' dog for all that.

What about your dog? Is he a 'plus' dog? It's up to you. The black-outs mean seriously restricted exercise. War-rationing will inevitably bring about an ill-balanced diet. These two factors will lower your dog's condition unless you take immediate steps to *keep his blood pure.*

Regular conditioning with Bob Martin's Condition Powders will rid your dog's blood of the toxic impurities set up by loss of exercise and faulty feeding. One Bob Martin's once a day will make your dog a 'plus' dog by maintaining a rich, *pure* blood supply. He will be fit, happy and high-spirited. Start conditioning now—such a small price to pay for his invaluable companionship. *From all chemists and dog-food shops, 6d and 1/-.*

FREE BOOKLET Your problems of dog management are all solved in "How to care for Your Dog in Wartime." Free on application to Bob Martin Ltd., 60A Union St., Southport, Lancs.,

Bob Martin's

one a day makes a plus dog

Greatest of These . . .

AFTER serving throughout the last war, Mr. R. W. Channer, of Yorkshire, was left a widower with three young sons. With a pension of only 8s. a week, this ailing father has struggled to bring up his boys.

And now one of them is serving in the Army, following his father's fine example. The second, Reginald, now aged nineteen, is constantly in ill-health and spends much of his time in hospital.

The other is a pit worker, earning 15s. a week.

Still affected by his war wounds, this brave father has been unable to find suitable work during the last two years. Yet he goes on, struggling desperately to face the overwhelming odds of life with the same bravery that he showed as a fighting man.

He deserves every assistance.

His character is of the highest, and the clergyman of his parish says, "His moral character is irreproachable and he is in every way a deserving case."

Donations earmarked "Widower" or for the General Fund will be gratefully received by JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Reginald, aged 19, is constantly ailing

There are no deductions for administration expenses. Every penny is devoted to the Fund.

We gratefully acknowledge 2s. from "Don"; E. M. (Bradford), 2s. 6d.; "Bim," 2s. 6d., and "Tin Hat" K 09 A 394088, £1.

SUFFOCATING BY THE SEA...!

HERE is a poor sufferer who is doomed to disappointment. Walking listlessly along the front, the sea-breezes do not whip the colour into *her* pale cheeks. The glorious ozone, the life-giving oxygen cannot invigorate her. She is as pale and tired as if she were confined to an airless room. Why? Because she has not enough iron in her blood—iron that is needed to carry oxygen to all the tissues of the body. She is literally suffocating through lack of iron! Starved of oxygen no wonder she is limp, depressed, always tired.

So you see, you can only enjoy health when your system is well supplied with iron. Iron is best assimilated when taken in certain foods and beverages. But you do not get enough from your usual food and drink. That is why doctors tell you "take Keystone Burgundy with meals."

Keystone Burgundy is extra rich in iron that you can take readily into your blood. It works a miracle on your health. It carries life-giving oxygen and nutriment from the food you eat to every cell end tissue.

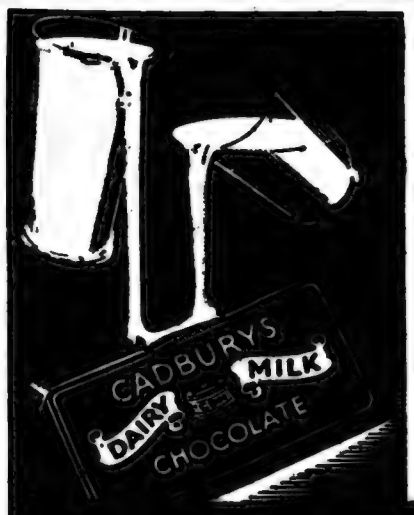
That is why Keystone gives you such new joy in life, makes you a new "live" person. It gives you a fine appetite too; enables you to get every atom of nourishment from your meals, and does not upset your digestion or cause constipation as is so often the case when "iron medicines" are taken.

It is absolutely true to say, as one enthusiast for Keystone wrote to the proprietors: "There is new life in every glass of Keystone." Get a flagon today!

All wine merchants and licensed grocers sell Keystone Burgundy in large flagons 5s. 0d., half flagons 2s. 6d. (3d. extra deposit, returnable on both sizes). Stephen Smith & Co. Ltd., Bow, London, E.3. 93

JB

IF IT'S CHOCOLATE THEN IT'S FOOD



There's a glass-and-a-half of fresh, full-cream milk in every ¼ lb block of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. It's the world's most delicious way of giving yourself quick energy.

CADBURY'S
MILK CHOCOLATE
'feeds you on your feet'

THERE'S NO NEED TO USE KITCHEN SOAP FOR YOUR SKIN

-you can still get EVE

A REAL TOILET SOAP
HANDY SIZE
FRAGRANT & REFRESHING

Even now, when most women are doing two jobs – their own and National Service – and time is limited, there is no real reason for neglecting one's looks. And if you seize the first piece of kitchen soap you can lay your hands on to use for your face, you *are* neglecting your looks. Kitchen soap, any old soap, won't keep your skin soft and smooth, because it's not made for such a delicate job. But Eve Toilet Soap *is*. It's specially made to keep your complexion youthfully lovely. And as it STILL costs only 2d for a fragrant white tablet, is there any real reason why *you* shouldn't use it to make your skin lovely?

FOR ONLY 2d.

EVE TOILET SOAP

EVE 113-172-38 JOSEPH WATSON & SONS LTD., LEEDS

MARIE ELISABETH SARDINES
UNEQUALLED IN QUALITY AND GOOD VALUE.

Phillips YEAST
The Finest TONIC

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, owing to its 'Life' and richness in Vitamin B, is a splendid NERVE and GENERAL TONIC and an unfailing remedy for INDIGESTION . . . By ensuring perfect assimilation of food, PHILLIPS Yeast restores VITALITY and VIGOUR in Nature's own way. It contains No Drug and is the finest Tonic and remedy

for NERVES and INDIGESTION

From all Chemists: 6d., 1/3, 3/-, 5/-

Ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast Tablets — then you get the REAL THING

FOR YOUR THROAT

Allenburys
GLYCERINE & BLACKCURRANT
PASTILLES

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY, 8½d. & 1/4

P.14

Voice of the People

These are My Peace Terms!

TWO LETTERS FROM READERS WHO HAVE STRANGELY CONTRASTING SENTIMENTS

I would suggest Unconditional Surrender, the Nazi War Council to be tried at Geneva for Mass Murder.

Germany would be divided into sections, giving the Allies preference in their government. Czecho-Slovakia, Austria and Poland would be restored.

As to Hitler—well, I'd just burst the atom! —John Farley, Richmond Road, South Yardley, Birmingham, 25.

I would say to the German people, "You're lost, and now we'll surprise you.

"Let us speak with your Pastor Nieumoller, now in a concentration camp.

"With him, but not with Hitler, we will work out a future for Germany that all nations, Germany included, will applaud."

That man possesses saintliness, courage, character, principles. Let the Allies make it their prime aim to treat with him.—R. Wellas, Grange Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham.

THERE'S something wrong with the catering for our Army. We all know that first-class rations are provided, but do the men always get them?

As mother of two boys who are glad to be doing their bit, I can't help being worried (and I know several other mothers who feel the same) when I hear that my boys and their chums don't get proper meals.

Why? Well, I think I know the reason

Some of the people in our street happen to know a man who works in an Army camp kitchen.

He comes home at week-ends for leave, and his wife openly boasts that she can get "everything of the best" through him, for her family and their friends!

No one suggests that all Army cooks and kitchen workers are dishonest.

But we do know that a lot of petty pilfering is going on; and this, to my mind, is the meanest and most despicable form of theft.

It should be stopped immediately.—Mrs. J., London, S.W.

Voice of the Past

I was alive in 1870, the year of the Franco-Prussian War. Neutrals suffered with combatants, as they did in the last war, and as they will do again to-day.

Even in Derbyshire, butter went to 3s. and 4s. a lb., and a quarter had to last us (parents with three children) a week. Also about 4s. a lb., tea was almost unprocurable.

We just managed 2 oz. a week.—S. Tutin, 30, Orchard Street, Long Eaton.

Rats commanded a good price in besieged Paris. It's an interesting thought that modern Germany thinks we have no right to threaten her food supplies.

We Told You So!

I particularly remember an article in JOHN BULL last January because I was so sceptical about it.

It was called "Don't Look to Russia," and, among other things that have proved to be true, said:

"To presume that Stalin and his assistant dictators would intervene on the side of democracy in a European dispute is to court disastrous disillusion."

What foresight!—A. D., Marr Street, Denaby Main, Doncaster, Yorks.

If you see it in "John Bull" it *is* so.

Lost Her "Nerves"

For years my friend's sister has been suffering from a nervous complaint. Even though attended by a specialist, she has been a great source of worry to her parents. Far from improving, she became suddenly worse.

For a month now her family has had two London children billeted on them. Yet the nervous breakdown has not come.

Indeed, no!

Gone is her depression and neurosis. She is now so fit that her doctor has signed her off as completely cured.—Miss N. Greet, Pinbrook Fen, Pinhoe, near Exeter.

Some doctors have found 60 per cent. of their nerve cases cured. More surprising is that there have been 37 per cent. fewer suicides than in a normal September.

Clergyman's Bounty

If a clergyman of the Church of England holding a living joins the Army as a war time chaplain he still draws the emoluments of his living, subject only to providing a substitute during his absence.

Some of these livings amount to a big figure every year, yet the payment for a substitute for Sunday duties (I speak for the North of England) amounts to £3 3s. or £4 4s. a week.

Thus a chaplain probably adds captain's pay, if he is in the fourth class, with equivalent allowances, to the bulk of the emoluments of his living, plus his vicarage.

War should be "a good thing" for nobody—least of all for the clergy.—Master of Arts, Gateshead.

We are informed that most clergymen who become war time chaplains insist on being more generous than they need to people keeping their livings warm. We doubt whether there is any widespread unfairness, but the Church might consider exercising sufficient supervision to see there is none.

Militiaman's Pie

My father, a cook serving with a Leicestershire unit, has just received, from the mother of a militiaman, a letter saying:

"I cannot tell you how happy I am to hear that you often give my son cottage pie. It is his favourite dish.

"Would you be good enough, in making it, to see that you——" and there follows a list of instructions.

Well, he has followed them. And the men of that unit now clamour for cottage pie.—Mrs. Greer, Aylestone Park, Leicester.

They Need Butter

I don't care how small the butter ration is, much as I like butter.

But I ask the Food Minister to consider, before working out what the ration should be, that for years we have been spending millions of pounds on health services, teaching mothers that, as far as children are concerned, the choice is between adequate butter or rickets.

They won't be persuaded differently now.

So let the Minister make nursing mothers, children and invalids, to whom butter is Life, their first consideration. We'll then be happy to spread our own butter thinly.—A. N. Benson, Acton, W.3.

Allowance of butter and everything else that is rationed will be reconsidered month by month. If the ration isn't fair to children it will be necessary to bring the Food Ministry to its senses.

Going Great Guns

Some of our lads in the Artillery are already highly efficient "mikers."

The other day we had a paper-chase and these boys thought they were very clever in getting a lift in a lorry. They arrived home an hour before the hares.

Their triumph was short-lived, for they were seen by our sergeant-major, who told them to change into dungarees and shovel five tons of coal into a shed.

They were still at work two hours after we had been dismissed for the day. —A. P., "Somewhere in England."

Lovely Gas-Mask

Funniest war saying that I have heard came from my five-year-old niece.

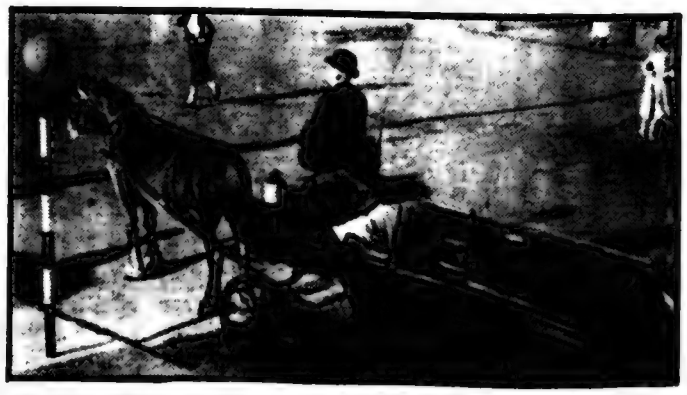
"I've got such a lovely gas-mask, auntie," she said.

The funniest, and also the saddest.—Miss Mona Hodgson, Upper Parliament Street, Liverpool.

● *This is YOUR page—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views.*

We pay 10s. 6d. *for each letter published and an extra* 10s. 6d. *if we use your own photograph to illustrate a letter.*

The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



● *"What's that, daddy?" asked the son of reader H. R. Wilkinson, of Minehead, pointing to the grand old carriage they found on a visit to Bristol. Father photographed the man who does not fear petrol rationing*

LAZY KIDNEYS CAUSE Backache Rheumatic Pain Urinary Troubles

Get Well by using this Special Kidney Medicine

STRONG, healthy kidney action is vitally important during these anxious days. Nobody can expect to work properly if the kidney filters are weak or congested and fail to relieve the blood of surplus water and harmful wastes, such as uric acid and urea.

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain are caused by sluggish or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicate that the kidneys and bladder are at fault. You may have dizzy attacks or headaches and feel generally run down, irritable and depressed.

Don't try to struggle on, hoping to feel better to-morrow. End your torment and become healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles, disturbed sleep and other kidney ailments. 2/9

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. *Ask your Chemist for*

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

At Last! An Easy Way to Banish Misery of Catarrh.

No mess, no bother—in ten seconds you can use these new Vick drops and get at the trouble right in the nose, the way doctors do. Simply put a few drops of Vick-Vatronol up each nostril. *Feel* it spreading through the hidden passages, clearing away clogging mucus, shrinking swollen membranes, draining the sinuses. Your nose is cool and clear. You can breathe again! Tests by doctors show that used at the first sneeze, Vick-Vatronol even *prevents* many colds.

At chemists, 1/6, or send 2d. in stamps for a trial bottle to "Vick," 209, Blackfriars Road, London, S.E.1

Norma Knight continued

NORMA HEARS THE DREADFUL NEWS

Norma and a friend are just having tea when ....

.... the Nurse bursts in with the news that Norma's baby has gone.

Norma fears the worst, but tries to be brave.

And Humphrey does his best to comfort her.

We all have our troubles, but they needn't be beauty troubles if you use Knight's Castile, the creamy beauty soap that protects you from "Tired Skin." Why not give Knight's Castile a chance to make your complexion lovelier.

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

4p

Where is Baby Norma? Look out for a clue in the next instalment

KC 258-66-65

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16—SOAP MAKERS SINCE 1810

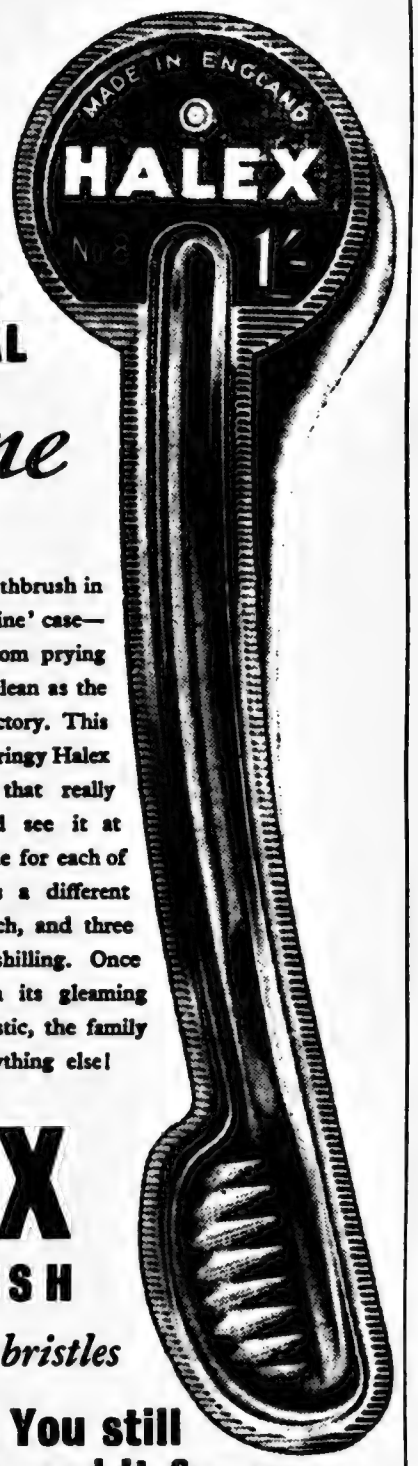
LOOK

FOR THE TOOTHBRUSH IN THIS SENSATIONAL

Streamline

CASE!

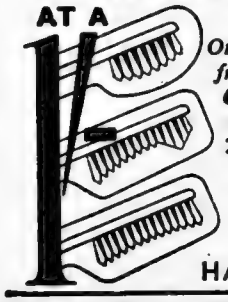
Here is the HALEX toothbrush in the lovely new 'Streamline' case—safe from dust, safe from prying fingers, as hygienically clean as the day it left the Halex factory. This brush has the famous springy Halex bristles — the bristles that really *stay* springy. Go and see it at your chemists. Get one for each of the family — there's a different coloured handle for each, and three different shapes at a shilling. Once they see this brush in its gleaming case of transparent plastic, the family will refuse to take anything else!



THE HALEX TOOTHBRUSH

the brush with SPRINGY bristles

THREE SHAPES AT A 1/-



Others from 6d. to 2/-

You still need it for your HALEXERCISE

All in the 'Streamline' case

★ *During the war, prices subject to alteration without notice.*

HALEX LTD · HALE END · LONDON, E.4

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 16.

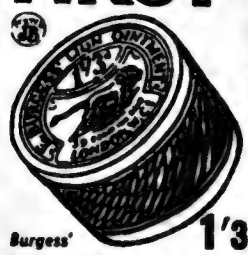
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-.

FIRST-AID!



CUTS, BURNS, SEPTIC WOUNDS

IMPORTANT. Keep LION OINTMENT in your First-Aid Outfit. Apply immediately. Famous for quick action, quick relief. Always safe. Over 90 years' reputation.

Burgess' **LION OINTMENT** 1/3

Chemists. 1/3, 3/-, 5/- per box

KEEP A BOX IN YOUR A.R.P. BAG!

READER'S WAR TIME STORY

"My Brother Found Himself"

Your War Time Adventure

is worth five guineas. In the last few weeks the drama, pathos, humanity, bravery and humour of everyday life have been given new meaning. This is your opportunity to put your own exhilarating adventure into a thousand words and submit it to "JOHN BULL'S" series of readers' TRUE-LIFE WAR STORIES.

"The other fellows rushed to join up, but George hung back. As usual, he was afraid."

by N. IRELAND

Stockport Road, Manchester

THEY did not make much of it in the local newspaper. Just a few paragraphs with a small headline, tucked away at the bottom of an inside page.

But I am keeping the clipping, pasted on a postcard and preserved with a lick of varnish. Not because the smudgy lines of type record how close I came to a very unpleasant death, but because it shows how my brother found himself.

I first remember feeling ashamed of George during our school days. He was tall and muscular even then. He could beat any boy in the school, but he was scared stiff of his own shadow.

Jeers and sneers didn't seem to matter.

It was the same when we both went to work in a big engineering yard. George could play with iron bars that two ordinary men couldn't lift, but if the smallest welder picked a quarrel, he would go pale, stammer and stutter and walk away, head bent.

When war was declared, a lot of the fellows rushed to join the Services. I tried, too, but they wouldn't take me. I was classed as a key man.

George hung back.

That is how we came to be in the same squad, detailed to build air-raid shelters at the works. They were to be most elaborate affairs, deep underground, and roofed with concrete and layer upon layer of sandbags.

In three days, toiling in shifts through the whole 24 hours, we dug a wide tunnel into the ground and hollowed out the main chamber of the shelter, shoring it up with props, like a gallery in a coal mine.

APPARENTLY, this rate of progress wasn't fast enough for somebody.

When our shift arrived one night, our storm lanterns showed that a great heap of sandbags had already been piled on the ground along the length of the entrance tunnel.

As foreman of the shift, I entered the tunnel first, fully expecting to see that the timber props had been replaced by steel, and the concreting already begun. Nothing of the kind. The clay roof of the tunnel with its mound of sandbags was still supported only by baulks of wood.

It was too late to ask questions, and there was work to be done. But I was as nervous as a cat as I led my men along to the chamber.

The other fellows did not seem to realise the risk. But George sensed danger. He looked ghastly.

WHEN he came to whisper to me I was pretty brutal in the way I shut him up. I did not want the men to get panicky, and I told myself that the timber supports in the tunnel were stout enough.

We had been digging in the main chamber for about half an hour when it happened. The man nearest the mouth of the tunnel shouted "Look out! The roof's coming in!"

Then his voice was drowned by the shriek of splintering wood and the thunder of falling earth.

I whipped round in time to see him overwhelmed by debris, just in time, too, to see two great arms, my brother's arms, seize his feet and yank him out of the mound of rubble as clean as a whistle.

The success of this instinctive action had a strange effect on George. He shed all his fear, just as though he had taken off his jacket and thrown it aside.

He immediately began to issue orders.

"The mouth of the tunnel's blocked," he said, "but I don't think there's more than a few feet of clay between us and safety. The rest of the tunnel hasn't collapsed or it would have made more noise.

"But if we start digging through the blockage the sandbags will start coming in. Only the corner of this broken beam is keeping them up now . . .

"Bill, Bert, you're smallest; get behind me with a couple of crowbars. I'm going to put my shoulders under that beam and straddle my legs—then you start digging between them. Ready? O.K. . . ."

The first blows of the crowbars brought earth pouring over George's head, the beam shifted, and the crushing weight of the sandbags came full on his shoulders.

Bert and Bill got to work with the crowbars, but soon threw them aside and began digging with their hands.

Two more men took their stand on each side of George with their arms round his waist, but he bore the strain.

YEARS seemed to pass before Bert's hoarse Cockney voice cried, "I'm through!"

His legs disappeared.

Bill followed, then the rest of us. At last only George was left, the keystone of an arch that must crush him as soon as he moved.

In the light of a lantern I could see sweat trickling down his face, the blood on his lips where he had bitten them.

But he wasn't frightened. He was grinning and still giving the orders.

"Rest of the tunnel safe?"

"Yes."

"Well, stand back and get ready to grab as I duck from under. One . . . two . . . three!"

With a terrific heave he thrust the sandbags upwards, then doubled up and dived forward with hands outstretched like a racing swimmer.

As the sandbags crashed, George and two of the men who had caught his wrists landed in a heap in the tunnel. They weren't even scratched.

Well, George is in uniform now. He's got a stripe already, and he's "somewhere in France."

Is there any need to say more?

Skin Eruptions CLEARED IN A FEW DAYS

Pimples and rashes that disfigure you and make you ashamed to be seen—Chronic Eczema that makes your life a misery with its maddening itching day and night—Stubborn boils and ulcers that have defied all your efforts to heal them—They all begin to mend at the first application of Cuticura Ointment. So powerful is the healing action of Cuticura that pimples fade and vanish after one or two applications. Eczema of years' standing has been completely extinguished with a single tin of this amazing healer. Its germ-killing, soothing, purifying ingredients sink to the depths of the eruption and eradicate the poisons that cause all the irritation and inflammation. For clean, safe healing of all skin outbreaks and injuries—for sure protection against septic germs—there's nothing more reliable and handy than this unfailing healer.

THIS WRITER PROVED IT

"My face, neck, chest and legs became covered with red, sore pimples which were exceedingly painful and embarrassing. After trying various things without success, I started with Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap and very soon my skin was perfectly clear." (Signed) L. R. W. Edwards, 28, Myrtle Villa, Swilly, Plymouth.

Why not let Cuticura heal you? Buy a tin to-day!

Cuticura OINTMENT

USE BEFORE SMILING. MAGNESIA WHITENS TEETH.

Isn't it a fact that the instant you smile, eyes light upon your teeth. If you are afraid to show your teeth, here is good news. Thanks to the discovery of what 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid does to the acid stain and film on tooth enamel, people with the dingiest teeth are making them gleaming white. There is one toothpaste called Phillips' Dental Magnesia which contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' It is such a marvellous whitener of tooth enamel because it instantly neutralizes harmful mouth acids which encourage ugly stains, dirty colour and tartar. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia to-day and try it. Results will show why over twelve thousand dentists are urging their patients to use it every day. Sold everywhere, 6d., 10½d., 1/6 a tube. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

PARCELS TO THE FORCES.

Include a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia in your next parcel for 'him' or 'her.' You will be sure to please by this thoughtfulness.

Race with "Silver Ring"

A Sporting Offer

ONE of the most pleasing gestures that has been made in the history of racing is the cordial invitation extended to English owners by the American Thoroughbred Breeders' Association. In the event of the Classics, and other important events being cancelled in 1940, it is suggested that our owners may care to send across the Atlantic their best horses to race for the valuable prizes offered by American executives.

"Under such a plan," states the author of the scheme, "English breeders would be able to salvage at least a portion of the value of many thoroughbreds without any permanent loss of the great blood-strains which have maintained the supremacy of the English horse."

This is the true spirit of good will, and whether or not the proposal is workable, we must greatly appreciate the offer. We say, "Thanks America" for a real sporting gesture.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, November 2, to Wednesday, November 8.

R 98 T F O A P U X Z Q C 93 B 94 M
W N 96 G S K V Y 97 L H J I 95 E D

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OVKM94 would read SPADE.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KZ294U would read ALLEY

Overwork and INDIGESTION

There's much truth in the saying, "Work never killed anybody." It is worry that wears us down—and worry is usually accompanied by indigestion in one of its many forms.

That is why it is so important that stomach trouble—flatulence, heartburn, "fullness" and burning pain—should be dealt with quickly and firmly immediately the symptoms appear.

A few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, taken after meals, soon put an end to all the unpleasantness. The amazing success of this remedy is due to four special properties which enable it, while neutralising excess acid, to protect the delicate stomach lining and to stimulate natural secretions. Thus, as the pain goes, healthy appetite and well-being return.

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine when the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" appears on bottle, tin and carton. 1/3, 2/- and 5/- Powder or Tablets. New slide-top pocket tin (50 tablets) 1/3; also 6d. tin (15 tablets).

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM Completely ENDED!

ARTHRITIS, LUMBAGO, GOUT, SCIATICA, NEURITIS & Kindred Ills ALL CURED by 'CURICONES'!

ON all sides people are saying how their petty ailments have vanished under the hardships of war. But sufferers in the grip of Rheumatic afflictions know that war can only increase the agony caused by Rheumatic and allied ills. Therefore the news that these terrible ailments have been banished for ever is of the first importance.

OVER 6,650 DOCTORS have requested to be supplied with "Curicones" (figures certified by Chartered Accountants); sufferers who have endured a life-time's martyrdom have taken this famous treatment and have felt their pains rapidly lessen, have seen their swollen joints grow normal and have found relief and cure at last.

From your Chemist

We all know that an unusually hard winter is before us. Then take your Rheumatic trouble in hand now. If you are a victim of Chronic Rheumatism, Arthritis, Gout, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis, Synovitis, Fibrositis, Swollen Joints or a kindred ill, begin a course of "Curicones" immediately. Get a bottle from your Chemist to-day and so take the first step to pain-free health and strength.

CURICONES

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

FREE! For a Free Trial of the "Curicones" treatment and a free copy of the 32-page explanatory booklet, send a postcard NOW to Dept. J.B.2, Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 19-21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

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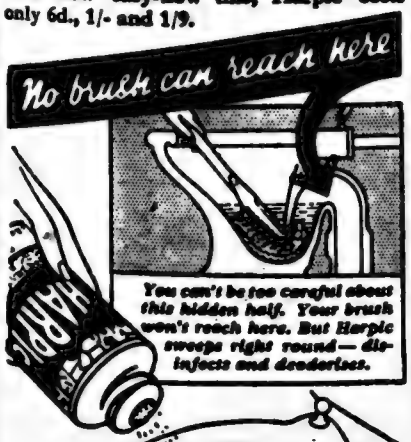
HARPIC not only keeps the bowl spotlessly white. It sweeps right round that hidden bend in the pipe, cleans thoroughly where no brush can ever reach. It disinfects and deodorises at the same time. You just sprinkle Harpic, leave as long as possible, then flush.

In new easy-flow tins, Harpic costs only 6d., 1/- and 1/9.



You can't be too careful about this hidden half. Your brush won't reach here. But Harpic sweeps right round—disinfects and deodorises.

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HARPIC for the lavatory

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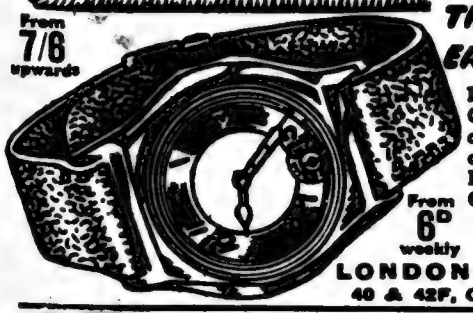

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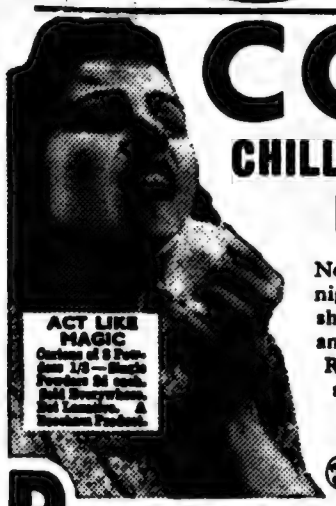

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November is here again with its frosty nights and misty mornings! That means shivering, sneezing, aching in the limbs! End those Colds and Chills for 2d. Try the Quick Acting, Doubly Certain Remedy **Beechams Powders!** Get your supply NOW, and stop that discomfort and danger! At the first sneeze or shiver take a **Beechams Powder**, and nip that cold or chill in the bud—for 2d. Wonderful also for HEADACHES and all NERVE PAINS.

BEECHAMS POWDERS

HOW TO BRIGHTEN "BLACK-OUTS"

Mr. Everyman has found an interesting new way to spend long "Black-Out" evenings, and, incidentally, he now turns every spare minute into spare cash. See "MAKE EXTRA MONEY" on Page 31 and send COUPON for details of the modern Treasure Chest.

FREE TRIAL OFFER to ASTHMA, CATARRH and BRONCHITIS Sufferers.

Accept this Offer Now!

BANISH suffering from these distressing maladies by taking Do-Do tablets, a free supply of which is offered to readers of "John Bull." Do-Do are of utmost value for all respiratory disorders in which coughing spasms and laboured breathing are symptoms. Try Do-Do free! Take this important step now and accept this free opportunity by writing, mentioning "John Bull," to the International Laboratories, Ltd., 1/8, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8. A postcard will do!

Make New Friends WHILE YOU'RE MAKING MONEY!

10,000 WOMEN WANTED, AGED 21 to 60, to form G.U.S. Shilling Clubs! If you long for some new interest in life . . . if you want to earn a useful, spare-time income . . . If you are looking for a way to make new friends, start your G.U.S. Shilling Club NOW. It's easy to run—costs you nothing—only takes a few minutes of your time each week. If you form one within the next 30 days, we will give you ABSOLUTELY FREE any 10/- article you want from our Mammoth 472-page Catalogue of 3,000 Bargains. (Same typical G.U.S. Values: 60-Piece Breakfast, Tea and Dinner Set, 20/-; 14 square yards Glesseleum Floor covering, 10/-; Men's Working Boots 10/- pair).

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Mrs. Bradley, of Hull, writes: The wisest thing I ever did was to post that coupon for particulars of your Shilling Clubs. What with commission and bonuses and the 10/- Free Gift, I reckon that the ha'-penny I spent on the stamp has already gained me more than £3.

What she did, YOU CAN DO TOO! Simply fill in the Coupon below and send in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) for full details. POST IT TO-DAY!

10/- FREE GIFT

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To GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD., Devonshire Street, Ardwick, Manchester.
Please send me FREE and without obligation Catalogue and Agent's Outfit, and also Free Book telling me how I can make from £3 to £5 and more.

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Put it in his KIT BAG

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"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON VALUE 3d

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British nib-filling Pen with 14-CARAT SOLID GOLD NIB, iridium tipped. GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be used and will be accepted in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance. Pocket clip 3d. extra.

DE LUXE unbreakable, 1/3 EXTRA, incl. Clip. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib.

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There is nothing that he will appreciate more than a "John Bull" pen—a useful and lasting memento that will make writing home a pleasure.

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"I got no peace from the pain and itching of piles. It was agony to walk about and many a night I hardly had any sleep. But when I used Zam-Buk this grand ointment was wonderfully soothing. It also ended the piles and made life worth living again." Mrs. A. O., Weybridge.

Why put up with piles and the constant pain, itching, swelling and that miserable dragging sensation? Use Zam-Buk Ointment, which has earned the gratitude of thousands of piles sufferers for the wonderful relief it has brought.

The refined herbal oils in Zam-Buk soothe and heal inflamed tissues, subdue pain and smarting, restrain bleeding and gradually remove the piles. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing serious complications. Use Zam-Buk regularly and soon be on the way to a cure. 1/3 and 3/- a box.

For Inward PILES — *In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep*

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Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows back faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded. At all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, 1/3 and 7/6. Trial size 6d.

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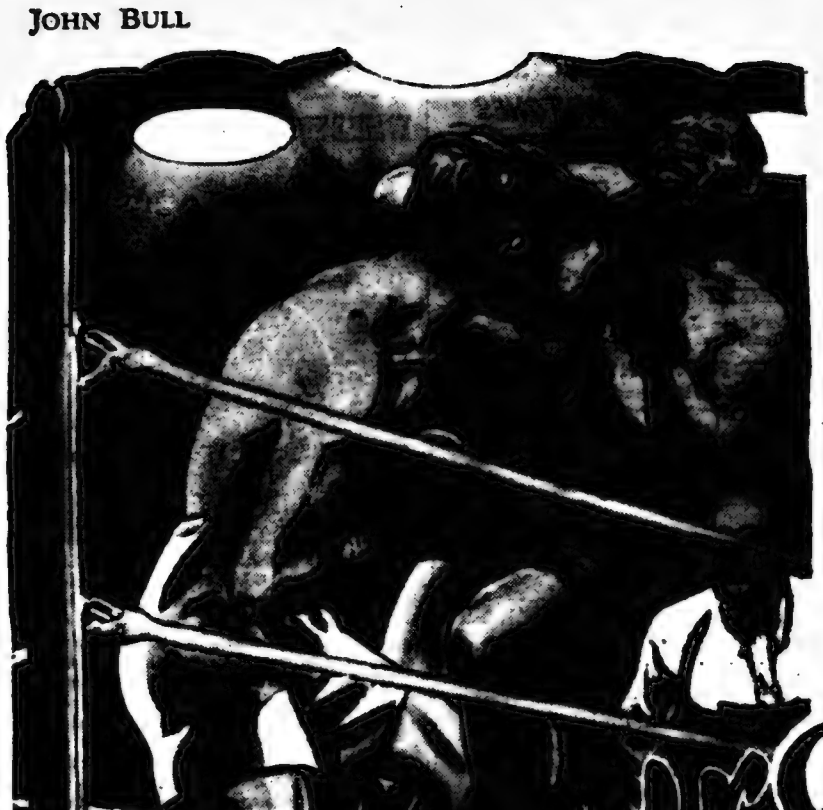
A Free Offer.

★ A GENEROUS sample of Elasto, a remedy for circulatory disorders and kindred ailments, is offered on the Back Cover. This, together with a special free booklet explaining all about Elasto and how it assists in restoring elasticity to relaxed and devitalised veins, will also be sent to those readers who turn to the announcement on the Back Cover and Fill in the Free Coupon.



A. W. HELLIWELL adds yet another exciting chapter to his story of "Giants of the Ring" by describing the fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and a "Fistic Freak"

The battling blacksmith crashed his fists against Joe Grim's chin with a force that made spectators wince, but the blows had no effect

Iron Man of Boxing

ROBERT FITZSIMMONS stared in sheepish wonder at his reflection in the long mirror. His lower jaw gaped vacantly as though he had difficulty in believing that this magnificently tailored creature had anything to do with him.

He settled the immaculate white suit more snugly on his broad shoulders, tilted the slouch hat to match at a yet more dashing angle on his sandy thatch, and lovingly touched the glittering diamond in his splendid silk tie.

"Nice, ain't it?" he said appreciatively, and a murmur of assent came from the admiring staff of San Francisco's most exclusive tailoring establishment.

"Nice" was an inadequate adjective to use in describing an outfit that had made a thousand-dollar dent in the Fitzsimmons bankroll, but what, after all, was a mere thousand to a man who had just won the middle-weight championship of the world?

Still a little bewildered by the suddenness with which he had shot to these dizzy heights, Bob speedily set about adjusting himself to bear this new-found fame in fitting fashion.

It was one thing to be a no-account, rather odd-looking "pug" at whom spectators poked fingers; quite another to be the reigning champion and the hero of the moment with your name and picture splashed across sports pages.

★ Hence the dandy suit, the snow-white slouch hat, the diamond stick-pin, and the new air with which Fitz paraded the boulevards of San Francisco.

He was a public figure now, hailed from coast to coast as the fistic sensation of the century. People stopped him in the street to shake his hand. They followed him into restaurants when he went to eat and tipped the waiters for the privilege of occupying the next table.

Promoters, eager to obtain the services of the season's biggest pugilistic sensation, bid wildly against one another as they clamoured for his signature on contracts waved beneath his nose.

They wanted him in New York. They wanted him in Chicago. They wanted him in Philadelphia. All the United States wanted to see him fight.

Fitzsimmons barred no one.

Never, even in his less palmy days, had he ever been lacking in confidence, and now he believed that he could lick anyone in the world.

He backed this boast with more than empty words. Although the best in the States were matched with him, few lasted more than a couple of rounds with the battling blacksmith. Many of them were hardly in the ring before they were being carried out again.

Naturally this spectacular method of dealing with successive challengers made Fitz an even bigger attraction, but he guarded the secret of those amazingly swift knock-outs.

Not more than half a dozen of his closest friends knew that the champion suffered from a form of muscular rheumatism which made it of vital importance for him to enter the ring aglow.

For this reason he acquired the habit of vigorously warming up in the seclusion of his dressing-room before every fight. Behind the locked door he put in ten or more minutes of fast shadow boxing, so that when the time came for him to go into the ring he was ready to fight at top speed.

★ My friend, Hugh D. McIntosh, promoter of the famous Burns-Johnson fight, has told me that Bob's dressing-room was a particularly unhealthy spot in which to loiter on such occasions.

The lanky scrapper was no respecter of persons, and as he shuffled to and fro, throwing punches, he was liable to take a swing at anyone who happened to be in his path, and one of Bob's wallops was no joke!

For six years—until he stepped up into a heavier class and took Gentleman Jim Corbett's title from him—Fitzsimmons reigned undefeated as a middleweight. He was, indeed, so outstanding that long before he fought Corbett he was tackling men stones heavier than himself.

They did not last long before the tigerish fury of the freckled champion's attack.

There was only one man among them who met Fitz in his prime without flinching. And he laughed at Bob's furious efforts to hurt him.

Joe Grim, oddity of the pugilistic world, was known as the Iron Man, because of his extraordinary toughness.

★ Grim was a fistic freak.

He would have been more at home in a circus or a fair-ground side-show than the ring, for he could scarcely have punched his way out of a paper bag, and his knowledge of the finer points of the game could have been written on a thumb-nail with space to spare.

All he possessed was his incredible, super-human capacity for absorbing punishment. He needed no other defence.

He never scaled more than twelve stone, but he defied all the hardest-hitting heavyweights of his day to knock him out.

None succeeded.

Peter Maher, Jack O'Brien, Bob Fitzsimmons and a string of other murderous punchers hit little Joe with everything they had, but they might just as well have been pummelling him with feather-packed pillows for all the notice he took.

"Go on, 'it me, don't tickle me!" he would say, standing with arms spread wide, openly inviting them to punch him at will.

Grim's method of training would have killed most normal men. He scorned the orthodox routine. Instead he equipped sparring partners with pick-axe handles, allowed them to knock him down repeatedly with these to prove how tough he was.

When he was matched with Fitzsimmons, acknowledged the hardest of all hard-hitters, sports writers predicted that Joe had at last met his Waterloo. They said that no fighter, so lacking in defence, could take Ruby Robert's terrible right without losing consciousness.

But Grim openly scoffed at the idea of Fitz knocking him out, and laughingly wagered that he would be on his feet at the end of the fight.

"Tell 'im to bring his blacksmith's 'ammer with 'im," he taunted.

Fitzsimmons laughed, too, but more grimly.

The contest was a farce, for the little Iron Man clowned his way through the six rounds, laughing aloud at Bob's furious yet futile efforts to put him out.

(Continued on opposite page)

This
FIRST-AID
IS THE
BEST-AID

FOR ALL
WOUNDS
CUTS
BURNS
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Etc..

Always keep a tin of Germolene in your home. It is the finest FIRST-AID you could possibly have, for it soothes at a touch—protects against Blood Poisoning, promotes rapid healing! Get your supply of this world-famous Ointment, and make it YOUR reliable healing Stand-by! Wonderful for all Skin Troubles, for it is Curative as well as Healing.

Germolene
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Sold Everywhere
Price 6d., 1/3 & 3/- Per Tin HOSPITAL SIZE 12/-

SIMPLE RECIPE TO END CATARRH
Can easily be made up at home.

Before you let that catarrhal infection get a hold, try this simple medicine—the recipe is easy to make and very economical. Get from any chemist 1-oz. bottle of Parmint (Double Strength), empty the Parmint Essences into half-pint bottle, add 3-4 ozs of sugar,* fill the bottle with warm water and shake until dissolved. There is nothing to equal this Parmint syrup recipe for smashing the worst attack of catarrh or catarrhal cold. From the first dose you feel relief, it clears the stopped-up passages of the nose and throat, ends head noises and dullness, stops the dropping of mucus in the back of the throat and soothes and relieves the soreness of the chest. Dosage: one tablespoonful four times a day. Cut out this paragraph to remind you to get some Parmint (Double Strength) so that you can try this recipe at once.

* If you are short of sugar, use three teaspoonsful of Golden Syrup, or three of Black Treacle, or one of Sweetened Condensed Milk.

SWEETENS CHILD'S SOUR STOMACH IN FIVE MINUTES

Mother! You'll be positively amazed how quickly a little 'Milk of Magnesia' sweetens a stomach made sour and sick by too much rich food. 'Milk of Magnesia' overcomes the sour acidity the moment it reaches the stomach. That sick, ill feeling quickly passes away and in no time the little one is as lively as a cricket. The 'Milk of Magnesia' moves the bowels and relieves the system of the offending bile and undigested food which have made the child ill. At the first sign of sickness just give 'Milk of Magnesia' and nip the attack in the bud. Get 'Milk of Magnesia' today and have it handy. 1/3 and 2/6 (treble quantity). Also 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets, 6d., 1/-, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere. Be quite sure it is 'Milk of Magnesia.'

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Often he dropped his gloves and stood still, smilingly letting Fitz hit him as hard as he liked, and although the Cornishman crashed his fists against Joe's chin and stomach with a force that made the ringsiders wince, the blows had no effect.

More than once he was lifted clean off his feet by the terrific force of Fitz's punches, and in the first five rounds he was down seventeen times, but not once did he wait to take a count, always bobbing up with a broad grin on his ugly face.

Grim did not land half a dozen blows all through the fight, while the champion must have hit him hundreds of times, and in the last round he was knocked down so often that the spectators lost count of the number of times he climbed to his feet.

When the bell went he was still conscious, and, what's more, he turned a couple of handsprings on the way back to his corner just to prove that he was as fresh as ever.

In between contests, Fitzsimmons kept himself in shape by touring the country giving exhibitions at which he challenged all comers, offering £20 to anyone who could last a round with him.

Scores of young huskies had a crack at collecting this inviting prize, but Fitz never had to pay.

★ One of his most outstanding achievements was to knock out seven men in one night while he was suffering with a badly disjointed leg.

This was in Chicago, just before the World's Fair.

Each of his opponents weighed more than 200 lb., while the giant of the bunch was an enormous hairy-chested gorilla, scaling 240 lb. and standing 6 ft. 7 in.

The accident occurred in Fitz's dressing-room just before he was going into the ring. Indulging in his usual warming-up work-out he tripped and threw his right leg out of joint, but he would not hear of postponing the show.

"Leave me alone," he growled, and limped out into the arena. He fought all seven men—and not one lasted more than a couple of minutes—with his left hand as he steadied his lame leg with his right glove.

Among the most sensational knock-outs in Fitz's record was his fight with stalwart Dan Creedon, clever New Zealander, who had done extremely well in that country and in Australia before following Bob to the States.

They fought for a £1,000 purse at the New Orleans Olympic Club, and Dan, who had a straight left that was a joy to watch, began as though he was giving the champion his first boxing lesson. Fitz seemed hopelessly outclassed as he shambled doggedly after Creedon, taking one left after another in the face with almost monotonous regularity.

★ At the end of the opening round the gamblers who had bet on the champion were beginning to look perturbed, and Dan, the light of triumph already sparkling in his eye, was obviously counting the title already as good as won.

But he reckoned without the foxiness of Ruby Robert.

Over-confident he came dancing out from his corner with a mocking smile on his lips.

"Who told you you could fight, Bob?" he grinned.

"Nobody," retorted Fitz. "It was me own idea."

Still smiling, Creedon stepped away and shot out his left again.

Exactly eighteen hours and twenty minutes later he woke up in his dressing-room and stared in bewilderment at the anxious circle of faces peering down upon him.

"What happened?" he said. "What round did I get him in?"

"You didn't," replied a laconic voice. "Fitz got you!"

Poor Dan.

Like most of the spectators, he had never even seen the blow that had laid him out for eighteen hours, that short and lightning fast right that Fitz, dropping all pretence, had landed on his chin like the crack of doom itself!

NEXT WEEK:

A Wild West Gunman in the Ring!

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WITH THE ALL-BEST-BRITISH

G.T.L. Tool Chest

and Home Repairing Outfit

THE best way to dispel worry is to keep your mind occupied, and woodworking will do this well and profitably. Now, during these long "Black-out" evenings, the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit will give you a pleasurable pastime that will turn every minute of your spare time into spare cash! With this outfit you can make a thousand-and-one articles for your home and garden. Save yourself pounds by doing your own repairs! You also add to your income by making articles to sell. So . . . instead of spending money during leisure hours you will be making it and saving it! The G.T.L. Tool Chest contains nearly 60 high-quality articles, finest Sheffield tools—all tested ready for use, and guaranteed.

NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED A valuable FREE INSTRUCTION BOOK, containing over 200 working illustrations, is included in the G.T.L. Tool Chest. Even if you have never handled a tool, you can be sure of IMMEDIATE SUCCESS, because this book tells you what to make and shows you, step by step, how to make it.

NO PRICE INCREASE WHILE STOCKS LAST! All prices for these Sheffield tools will shortly go up at least 25%! But purchases quickly, because while present stocks last the price of the G.T.L. Tool Chest will not be increased.

DELIVERED FREE ON FIRST DEPOSIT FOR 7 DAYS' APPROVAL.

FREE To readers of "John Bull" a beautiful 16-page Brochure describing the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home Repairing Outfit in detail, and telling how you can make and save money—as tens of thousands of others are already doing.

POST THIS SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

TO GUARANTEED TOOLS, LTD.,
12-13, CHISWELL ST., LONDON, E.C.1

Please send me by return, without cost or obligation, your beautifully illustrated booklet of the G.T.L. Tool Chest and Home-Repairing Outfit, together with full particulars of SPECIAL PRICE OFFER.

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DO YOU WANT FOUR FREE A.R.P. GIFTS. If so, write for particulars of an amazing offer genuinely made to all readers by Lancashire Products (Dept. J.B.), 19, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

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CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-time Entrance service, and details of pay and duties in the various branches. (Please state age.)—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

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CHRISTMAS CARD AGENTS wanted, either sex, for world-famed "Imperial" Series. No increased prices. Agents say the outstanding Sample Book of the year. Contains beautiful and original designs and novelties, with special War-time Greetings. Highest Commission and Prizes for all.—Apply, LANCASTER PUBLISHING CO. (Dept. 229), LANCASTER

AGENTS WANTED. Prte. Christmas Cards, World-famed "Orient" Smpl. Book FREE & CARR. PAID. Contains Calendars, Novel Blotter, Royal Family, 52-page Engagement Diary, Real Pokerwork Calendar, Animal Studies Beautiful Greeting Cards and Novelties. SPECIAL PATRIOTIC GREETINGS and War Service Badges. Highest Comm. & Prizes.—HAMILTON, ORIENT WORKS, Dept. 673, BLACKBURN.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

RUN DOWN MEN, WOMEN! FEEL FIT AS EVER. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster vitamins and general invigorators. First dose starts new health and vigour or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/6. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots Timothy Whites & Taylors.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 13D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it. See Back Cover.

IF you endure the agonies of asthma and bronchitis, learn how instant relief can be yours by filling in the coupon on p. 16, or write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Potter & Clarke, Ltd., 80, Artillery Lane, London, E.1, for a free copy of a special booklet, "Are You Asthmatic?"

FREE to rheumatic sufferers! For a free trial of the "Curicones" treatment and a free copy of the 32-page explanatory booklet write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, to Dept. J.B.2, Stephen Matthews & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, 19/21, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. A postcard will do!

BUSINESS SERVICES, ETC.

RETAILERS

OFFERING SPECIAL

A.R.P. LINES

Need not limit trade to Local requirements. In times like these TENS OF THOUSANDS must BUY BY POST. *John Bull's* FAMOUS "SHOP WINDOW" reaches millions of buyers all over the country. ONE ADVERTISER RECENTLY REPORTED THAT FROM A SINGLE ADVERTISEMENT HE HAD RECEIVED OVER 500 ORDERS FOR A 10/- ARTICLE. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? START SMALL, GROW BIG. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, Room 28, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILLED PUNCHBOARDS. Pre-war prices, money easily and quickly raised for Charities, Clubs, etc. 50 % profit on outlay of 5/3.—Burdon Hunter, 28, Woodville Road, London, E.10.

ENDOWMENT POLICIES purchased OUTRIGHT.—A. A. LEWIS, 22, Tib Lane, Manchester, 2.

FREE! Fill in the coupon on page 29 in Gt. Universal Stores announcement for free catalogue, Agent's Outfit and free book telling you how you can make extra money.

A BOOKLET of immediate practical importance to all dog-owners, entitled "How to care for your dog in war-time," is now available free on application. It contains a wealth of practical hints regarding exercise during black-outs, war ration feeding, blastproof kennels, management of nervous dogs, etc., etc.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Bob Martin, Ltd. (60A), Union Street, Southport, Lancs.

JOHN—Glad you and the boys are getting fun out of the Crime Club Card Game.—Mother.

A VERY INTERESTING BOOK that should be in every Home, particularly in these days of saving, is the MAGNIFICENT WONDER BARGAIN BOOK offered absolutely free by H. Samuel on page 3.

Nurse Ended Kidney Trouble

Nurse A. R. F.* writes:—

"I left England after the war, having done a great deal of nursing and suffered many hardships. As a result I suffered for sixteen years from backache, depression and kidney trouble. Then I started taking De Witts Pills. The first dose did me good and now I am in perfect health."

* Name withheld—medical etiquette.

You, too, can end the depression, pain and weakness caused by kidney trouble. Start with De Witt's Pills to-day. Relief from the first dose is followed by permanent benefit. Body pains and backache will go. Vigour and vitality will soon return.

DE WITTS (Brand Kidney and Bladder) **PILLS**

end the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

Man Zan stops the irritation, soothes and heals internal, external, blind or bleeding piles. A large tube, with special nozzle applicator, which makes this wonderful preparation easy to apply, costs but 3/-. Your chemist will tell you how good it is. Don't suffer in silence longer. Ask him about Man Zan Brand Pile Remedy.

GAS! GAS! GAS!

Then Agonising STOMACH TROUBLE

Mr. G. Kent writes:—*"I was severely gassed during the war, and suffered terrible pains for years. I tried De Witt's Antacid Powder and was relieved in five minutes. Now I take part in senior football and have fully recovered."*

Whether *your* indigestion is long-standing and severe, or only in its early stages, De Witt's Antacid Powder will give immediate relief and quickly end the trouble. Enjoy your food and be happier, healthier in every way. Start to-day, end stomach troubles and indigestion with—

DE WITT'S ANTACID POWDER

The quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Heartburn, Flatulence, Gastritis. Of all chemists, in large sky-blue canisters, prices 1/6 and 2/6.

TOMMY, JACK AND BILL

IF you don't want to feel angry, don't read this letter from a Lancashire woman:

"I have had only one letter from my soldier son since he was sent to France soon after war broke out. He has had none of mine.

"But this morning brought a note from a chaplain to say that my boy was very ill in hospital, and was worrying because he could get no word from home.

"I don't know the nature of my boy's illness, so imagine my suspense. Surely the Army people, though they have a lot to do, could save mothers from grief?"

Yes, they could—and should.

In the last war, the Army post office was miraculously efficient. This time it's a miracle of heartless bungling.

Promises of reform have been a-plenty since "John Bull" first attacked this muddle. But promises, like patriotism, are not enough.

Although we can give no direct help to that anxious mother and others in her plight, we shall continue to advise all victims of war worries who care to "write to JOHN BULL about it."

Here, at random, are examples of the hundreds of posers put to us this week:

J. C., Leeds.—"What is the position of a young man about to start his own business; would he still be liable to be called up?"

Certainly. Unwise for any man of military age to start his own business at this juncture. If the business is a Reserved occupation, the authorities might regard it as an attempt to evade service.

E. W., Ossett.—"I bought out my boy from the R.A.F. for £20. Now he has voluntarily joined the Army. Can I claim return of the £20?"

Strictly speaking, No. But we think the authorities would give the utmost consideration to a claim.

Mrs. H., West London.—"My husband is often without work. Can I get an allowance in respect of our only son, who has been called up?"

You must prove that the son materially supported you and that your husband cannot do so. Then your son must agree to make you an allotment of at least 7s. a week from his pay for you to qualify for a dependant's allowance.

Mrs. N., Guildford.—"Though I have reminded my landlord of the Courts (Emergency Powers) Act, he still insists on my paying full rent, which I can no longer do on my husband's Army pay."

Don't worry. He can't evict you without a Court Order, which he'd be amazingly lucky to get. Pay what you can.

Let us emphasise again that we are eager to deal with problems raised by relatives of Soldier Tommy, Sailor Jack and Airman Bill, by employers and employed, landlord and tenant.

Just write to our Free Advice Service, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply.

Mystery Solution

The hole chiselled in the concrete floor was so small that, as Connolly remarked, "getting through there must've been a squeeze for even a slim man."

Yet there were pieces of concrete still adhering to the sides of the hole. He was able to detach them merely by tapping them with a fingernail.

If anyone had tried to get through that hole, these fragments would have fallen into the cellar below.

Of all vegetable crops, beans are the best substitutes for meat

Grow Substitutes for Meat

—says Richard Sudell

IN ancient times, many nations existed on beans when they were at war. Greeks and Romans cultivated them, especially in time of trouble, and they derived their botanical name *Faba* from *Fabii*, a noble family of ancient Rome.

Of all vegetable crops, they are the best substitute for meat. Tender broad beans are delicious when cooked with a little fatty bacon.

A hardy plant, the broad bean will grow in any soil.

The "Longpod" variety can now be sown in sheltered gardens where soil is well drained.

Before planting, dig the soil deeply, and then take out a trench six inches wide and four inches deep. Sow the seeds in a double row six inches apart and cover them with two inches of earth. Other double rows should be sown from two to three feet apart according to the height of the variety of beans

A pint of seed is sufficient to sow a thirty-foot row.

Before sowing, dust surface soil with lime.

Broad beans should preferably follow potatoes or non-leguminous crops.

The advantage of sowing in the autumn is that seedlings, growing away in the Spring, avoid the black fly. Remember to sow a few extra beans at the end of each row to be planted later should any gaps appear in the rows.

THE first thing in creating a new country allotment is to dig in the surface grass so that it will have time to decay before Spring.

By double-digging, surface grass and rubbish can be buried at the bottom of the trench. Land that has been cultivated can be simply dug over. Lime should be applied to the surface after digging, about a quarter of a pound to the square yard.

There is no need to apply manure to newly dug grass land. For a year it will contain sufficient nitrogen, and it is necessary only to apply quick-acting fertilisers while crops are growing.

While digging, watch for wireworms. These straw-coloured, wire-like grubs, about an inch in length, feed on the roots of crops, and should be destroyed.

If they become troublesome, a dressing of soil fumigant should be applied while digging. Birds will help.

UNLESS the land is to be planted immediately, the surface should be as rough as possible to allow weather action to break up particles. Even stiff clay soil will crumble down nicely by Spring if left to the weather.

Twitch, nettles, docks and other deeply rooted weeds that are pulled out by hand during the digging should be burned.

Heavy soils benefit by a dressing of basic slag and kainit, three or four ounces to a square yard.

A four-inch layer of fallen leaves or organic refuse worked into the trenches as you dig would rot down before Spring.

Such material helps to hold moisture in a dry season and forms valuable humus to feed soil bacteria.

HEARD IN THE BLACK-OUT

"HAVE you seen JOHN BULL this week?" said a voice in the blue dimness of the black-out train. There were three men in the compartment. Two of them, presumably neighbours, were talking. The other was a JOHN BULL staff man, reading his evening newspaper by the fast-fading light of a pocket-torch.

"You mean have I seen JOHN BULL'S Free Air Raid Insurance," came the answer. "I always see JOHN BULL."

"My wife and I were amazed when we read the announcement," said the other.

"It's taken a load off *my* mind. I couldn't afford the usual high rate of air raid insurance premiums. This Free Air Raid Insurance Policy is going to alter the outlook for everybody."

"Excuse me," said the JOHN BULL man, "I am on the staff of JOHN BULL, and I couldn't help overhearing your conversation."

"Well, old chap," replied one of them, "you can tell your folks at headquarters that JOHN BULL has done the finest thing in the world. This offer of Free Air Raid Insurance for the missus and myself has made us feel a darn sight more secure."

JOHN BULL offers to all its registered readers a Free Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, in addition to a Comprehensive Household Security Gift.

For readers who have not registered for JOHN BULL'S Double Security, Registration forms are again published this week. They appear on page 2.

£5 WEEKLY FOR LIFE

INCREASED PENSION

£300 CASH

£125 IN CASH AND XMAS FEASTS

Cash prizes, accompanied by Christmas Hampers, Turkeys or Fowls, will be received by 1st Runners-up—Total value £125.

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

HOW do you spend your black-out evenings? When you've read your "John Bull," working out the puzzle on this page and preparing a careful entry will give you just the pleasant fireside pastime that you need.

There is added incentive to go in and win in this week's increased offer of Pension, Cash and Christmas Feasts.

Think out your answers in a common-sense way, see that your entry is posted on or before Saturday, November 11, and you may well become "John Bull's" 41st Life Pensioner!

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 176th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, November 23. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize and one other prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POST-MARK of not later than Saturday, November 11, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, November 23. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £300 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

☛ WIN £200 AND XMAS FOWL FREE!

Each sender of Crossword Entry value 1s. or over may enclose one 6d. *Bullets* coupon for Fine £200 Cash and Xmas Fowl Offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Coupons on page 35.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Stuck on letter, postcard—or "John Bull" Crossword coupon
3. Little lamb won't go far without
5. It may take long time for a person to get through heavy one
7. Traffic lights go this colour for "Stop!"
11. If weather's reasonable, youngsters can get a lot of fun in this
12. Women often make up this in big tailoring factory
16. Batsman is occasionally put out by one
18. There are some people who see real beauty in one of fine golden brown colour
19. Mrs. Goat's youngster
20. Pupils in school rarely like one that's full of tricks
21. May be the kind quite characteristic of barrister

DOWN CLUES

1. Putting on this calls for care, especially if you are inexperienced
2. Result of this sometimes means a dead loss for some people
3. One may not be given good impression by vacant one
4. Cyclist presses hard on each one, when going uphill
6. Having to work with one will probably make hands sore
8. Expert wine taster may do this quite a lot at his work
9. Motorist sometimes owes this to garage
10. You get a jolt when quick one brings you down to floor
13. You may get bitter if you have one with neighbours
14. This is sometimes barred
15. Learner finds little difficulty in riding on a quiet one
17. Long, narrow snow-shoe

2 BIG CHEQUES WON IN X-WORD No. 173.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 173, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious sets of Answers for one Square (as on right) were the following two competitors:—

A. J. PLATT, 6, Barry Road, Pwllgwaun, Pontypridd.

Mrs. E. SUTHERLAND, 5, Viewfield Place, Dechmont, By Broxburn, W. Lothian.

Three competitors share the First Prize of £250, and a cheque for £125 will be sent to each.

The Award of £100 in Cash and war time Luxury Cases to Runners-up has been divided between 73 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive Cash and Luxury Case to the value of £1. 7s. 10d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 704 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer.

WINNING SQUARE

P	I	E	S	T		T	E	N	D		L			
R	O	W		R	D		O	B	I					
I	N	C	H		A	I	D		A	G				
Z		O		S	I	T	E		Y	H				
E	A	R	N			N		B	O	O	T			
		B	E	A	R		P	I	N					
S	B	Y		C	A	T		E	G					
E	A	G	E	R		S		N	T	L				
T		A		S	E	T		E		E				
		S	N	A	K	E		S	T	Y	E			
P	I	G		L	E	G	S							

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point WARD and WORD were regarded as apt Answers of equal merit.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. PEST. 5. WARD or WORD. 7. AID. 8. SITE. 10. BOOT. 11. BEAR. 14. GAT. 16. SET. 20. SNAKE. 21. PIG. 22. LEGS.

DOWN.—1. PRIER. 2. TRADE. 3. HOST. 4. LORRY. 6. CORE. 9. HAVE. 12. PAST. 13. SET. 15. GLEE. 16. GAME. 17. NEST. 18. EEL.

X-WORD AID POST FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label incorporated with coupon you will secure, as soon as available, a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the new war-time "CROSSWORD GAZETTE." It will contain Adjudication Committee's Findings on Puzzle No. 176, as well as extra squares with FREE PRIVILEGE and "Time-Save" Entry Sheet for another fine Pension Offer.

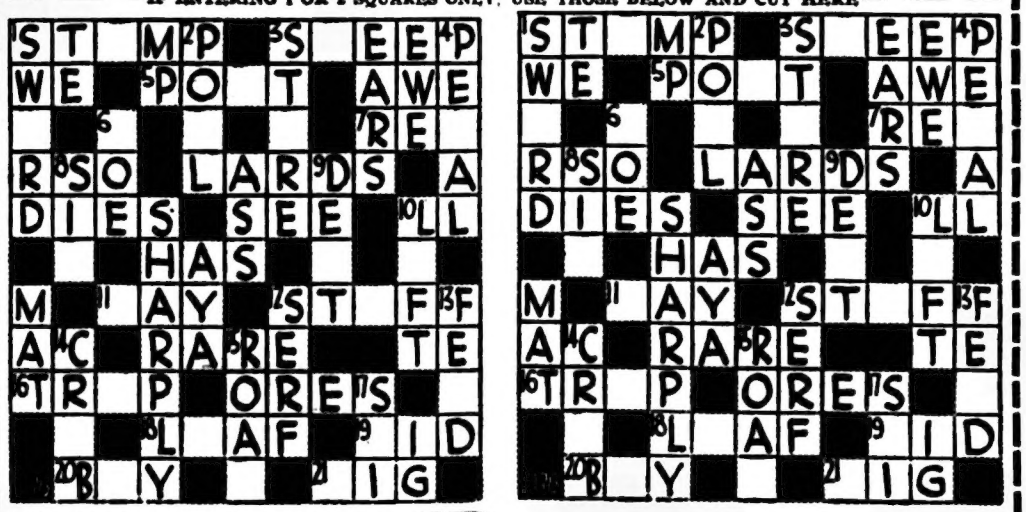
ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 176, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

Note NEW Closing Postmark—SAT., Nov. 11

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 176. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 11.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions and stick 1½d. stamps below at the rate of 3d. entry-fee for each square submitted. (P.O. may be used if preferred—in such case write its number and value below).

P.O. Value..... No.....

ADD NAME & ADDRESS TO BOTH COUPON AND LABEL

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"GAZETTE" LABEL

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

.....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

.....

.....

.....

.....

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here

FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps

FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps

FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Allowing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE.)

The Last Laugh!

A prominent medical man recently remarked that nerves were a curse, but if everyone so afflicted had a friend to tell of their particular trouble of the moment, the strain would be eased, the worry made lighter and possibly disposed of altogether.

JOHN BULL is a friend in cases of the kind. Whatever worries or perplexes our readers is a matter of interest to us. Our Free Advice Service is at your disposal. All that you have to send with an enquiry is a stamped, addressed envelope.

Whatever the query, address it to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

The replies given on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. These are for your entertainment.

OLD GEORGE (Ashburton).—"It be a queer thing, but I see a lot more than most folk." Perhaps you drink more.

N. P. (Everton).—"Do you agree that fish have no means of communication?" Well, they often fail to respond when anglers drop them a line.

P. B. (Hornsey).—"How many really old-fashioned inns do you pass nowadays?" It depends on what time it is.

MRS. S. (Alton).—"My husband is so conscientious about the black-out regulations that it takes him quite a time every night to go out and see if everything is satisfactory." See letter below.

M. S. (Alton).—"One thing about this black-out is that it gives a man an excuse to slip out and have one in the evenings." See letter above.

BARMAID (Torquay).—"All the boys tell me I really don't look twenty-eight." But you did once, no doubt.

TOM (Otford).—"I furnished the whole of my home with good second-hand stuff." And did you marry a widow to make a complete job of it?

REFORMER (London, N.).—"If I were given a bottle of whisky I would smash it." Couldn't you wait until you got a corkscrew?

A. F. (Potters Bar).—"They may be bad times we're living in, but the sun is shining through the depression." So are our trousers.

D. M. (Highgate).—"Eton boys are forbidden to wear their top hats, as they would hinder the donning of gas-masks." What a chance for German propaganda to add that all Harrow hats have been requisitioned to feed cattle owing to the shortage of straw!

J. V. (London, N.).—"Gas-mask afternoon teas are held in a certain suburb." Is the gossip as poisonous as all that?

T. L. (Kelvedon).—"I am sure the serious shortage of metal is worrying the big men of Germany." Yes, even Goering's medals may soon have to be rationed.

W. M. (Hornsey).—"All the litter of seven kittens were black with white markings." Nature is adapting herself to A.R.P. conditions.

R. L. (Folkestone).—"The troops at the canteen concert made me sing 'South of the Border' three times before they would let me go." And did you get it right in the end?

MR. JONES (Hatfield).—"I have now dropped the 'Herr' and always allude to the Fuehrer as 'Hitler.'" Aren't you afraid he may call you "Jones," as a reprisal?

TENOR (Coventry).—"After my first broadcast I had a pain in the throat." Your listeners probably had one in the neck.

C. N. (Stoke).—"The chemist actually charged me £1 for a bottle of nerve tonic." It looks as if he's been taking some of it himself.

S. T. (Bridlington).—"My neighbour's marrows have pushed their way into my ground." You'll have to hold a conference to settle the line of demarcation.

W. B. (Wantage).—"To be a good tank driver a soldier must have strength, a steady nerve, and a sure eye." And a tank.

LUCY (Rugby).—"He was very persistent, but, when I finally refused him, he immediately took to drink." But perhaps he was celebrating.

F. K. (Glasgow).—"If I wrote a letter to my fiancé at the front, how long would it be before it got there?" It depends on how many pages you write.

O. B. (Warnham).—"I'm always very frank with my wife. I believe in calling a spade a spade, anyhow." But do you believe in calling a club a club or calling it working late at the office?

SPINSTER (Knighton).—"The man I refused to marry left me a thousand pounds when he died." That's what we call a handsome way of showing gratitude.

M. T. (Liverpool).—"My pal's girl friend is a professional contortionist; she is also a supreme egotist. She's always very, very pleased with herself." So would you be if you could pat yourself on the back.

W. A. (Preston).—"England makes war according to the rules and regulations." We trust those leaflets scattered over Germany bore the printer's name as required by law.

E. N. (Exeter).—"How she recognised me in the black-out I can't imagine, but she has been spreading gossip about me ever since." Cats are supposed to be able to see in the dark.

E. S. (Newquay).—"Santa Claus will come round again this year, war or no war." The old gentleman will have to have a particularly big gas-mask to hold that beard.

G. N. (Marsden).—"Missing a meal at the commencement of an ocean voyage will sometimes ward off sea-sickness." A surer method is to miss the boat.

PTE. K. (Aldershot).—"The best sergeant-major I have met since the war started hailed from Yorkshire." And could you actually hear him at Aldershot?

GWEN (Grimsby).—"I know I don't look as if I had a voice, but you should have seen the boys in the camp open their mouths when I sang to them." Surely they were not so ungallant as to yawn all together?

T. N. (Halifax).—"I shall give three hearty cheers when the war is over." Another incentive for Hitler to work for peace!

F. B. (Clapton).—"We defeated a team from an anti-aircraft battery by 4 goals to nil." They shot too high, we suppose.

G. D. (Bow).—"Nobody should judge a man until they know how he was brought up." And why.

R. L. (Runcorn).—"Regimental dinners often make people realise for the first time that they can really sing." They discover the fact on the way home?

L. N. (Fovant).—"I think I may claim to be one of the big noises in my battalion." How long have you been a sergeant-major?

T. T. (Penge).—"I have been riding to work on a bicycle for the last eight weeks." You'll be pretty late when you get there, won't you?

O. C. (London, S.W.).—"If I called on you at your office, could I touch you for a 'fiver'?" You could punch us in the face for that amount.

K. J. (Datchet).—"Port seems to be a great favourite with those who suffer from nerves in war time." Yes, especially with the crews on German ships.

B. L. (Birtley).—"My husband wrote from France to say that his nurse in the military hospital is charming." Did he mention whom?

M. B. (Kennington).—"Does the British Tommy carry a tin-opener in his kit?" Perhaps he does now that some German soldiers have appeared in armour.

F. F. (Scotland).—"These frequent air-raid warnings are costing my firm a lot of money in loss of working hours." We... you can always put them down to overhead expenses.

FANNY (Llandudno).—"And, believe me, I'm a girl who won't take a back seat for any man." At that rate you are hardly likely to get asked to the cinema a second time.

T. K. (Ventnor).—"I would like to see Hitler driven right out of Germany." We would rather see him being made to wa...

The Kid by Lees

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

NEWS CHRONICLE:—"After circling round a few times and examining the vessel closely the WARSHIPS and plane flew away."

UNIT:—"... of romance and adventure in Cornwall's lawless days, with a jovial but half-MADE squire as its leading 'character.'"

THE LEICESTER EVENING MAIL:—"Even the concrete-lined REFUGEES in Town Hall Square were under water..."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE AND HERALD:—"The pedestal and the fountain are to remain and will be heavily protected with HANDBAGS."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The right to arm merchant SHOPS for self-defence is one of the well-established principles of international law."

SUNDAY DISPATCH:—"Restaurant cars are to make an AROMATIC return to 130 of the principal long-distance trains."

SUNDAY EXPRESS:—"One ship was hit. Not by the British aeroplanes, but by an anti-aircraft HELL which fell on it."

It's a Money-Making Hobby!

MORE and more readers are finding an amusing hobby for their war-time leisure within the pages of JOHN BULL.

"War has not only given new life to comedians, cartoonists and song-writers," says Miss Vickerman, Huddersfield, "but also it has provided abundant material for *Bullets*. Come on, JOHN BULL readers, beat me to the prize-list!"

The rush of women volunteers eager to join the Services provided a hall-porter "Bulleteer" with material for winning First Prize with WOMEN OF EMPIRE—"DAISIES" WHOSE ANSWER'S *DO*!

An unsuccessful entrant in the same contest, Reader A. A. Astling, of Sutton-in-Ashfield, sends a sporting tribute to the hall-porter's *Bullet*

"An effort like this," he declares, "more than compensates me for not seeing my own name in the prize list."

Prizes such as the cheques and Christmas Feasts offered this week are thankfully received, but there are other compensations greatly appreciated by readers who need something to take their minds away from their troubles.

"I take a few *Examples* to bed with me," writes a "Bulleteer" at Parsonage Farm, Chiddingly. "Although I generally fall asleep before I can create a decent *Bullet*, I invariably have a good night's rest. But when I try to get to sleep without doing my *Bullets* my thoughts stray to the problems confronting me and I spend many restless hours." On the other hand, A.R.P. workers such as Mr. Kendrick, of the Cardiff Auxiliary Fire Service, do *Bullets* to keep awake while "standing by."

"There's nothing better for killing boredom," he declares. "With eyes and ears open and mind alert, you will be surprised at the ideas your surroundings suggest."

Turn to page 35 now, remembering the capital your hobby can provide!

"Yessir—I'm stationed here till they empty the pillar-box. That's where the Sergeant's posted his 'John Bull' coupons!"

MORE *Bullets* CASH *and* CHRISTMAS FOWLS GALORE

1st PRIZE **£200** CASH PLUS XMAS FOWL

2nd PRIZE **£20** PLUS FOWL

3rd PRIZE **£10** PLUS FOWL

4th PRIZE **£5** PLUS FOWL

2 PRIZES OF **£3** EACH PLUS FOWL

10 of £2 · 10s. EACH PLUS FOWL

INCREASED XMAS DINNERS

100 FINE XMAS SURREY FOWLS TO ARRIVE for DEC 25

2000 OTHER PRIZES

BE QUICK — ONE WEEK ONLY

TO WIN A PRIZE

"SURELY ours must have been the juiciest and most tender Fowl awarded to any competitor!" declared a Stoneleigh winner of a JOHN BULL Christmas Dinner last year. Well over 100 of these delicious Christmas Fowls are waiting to be won this week. One will be added to each cash prize whether it be **£200** or **£2 10s.**, and each of the **100** Runners-up will also receive one in good time for December 25.

To make a prize *Bullet*, simply take an *Example* and make a rough note of any idea it suggests. Then whittle this down to any TWO, THREE or FOUR well-chosen words of apt comment, closely linked with that particular *Example*.

For instance, working on the *Example*, SPOILT THE BLACK-OUT, a Nottingham entrant added the words FOOL—HIS "WINDOWS" BLACKED! A substantial cash prize rewarded the sender of that amusing *Bullet*.

Study the winners in our 1,191st Result on this page and then start on your own efforts, remembering that your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, November 11.

'BULLETS' 1,191 RESULT

First Prize, £150:

G. TAYLOR, 93, Walsingham Street, Walsall.

Example: **TO BEAT THE U-BOATS**
Bullet: *And* **THE BOMBERS, DIG!**

SECOND PRIZE, £25:

Mrs. HINDMORE, 429, Parliamentary Road, Glasgow.
Example: Auntie's A Land-girl, So
Bullet: Another "Battleship" Beating Submarines!

THIRD PRIZE, £10:

C. B. MILLARD, 35, Rossett Avenue, Liverpool.
Example: Tommy Wants
Bullet: Brighter "Blighty," You Blighters!

OTHER PRIZES:

£5: Miss A. **PULLEYN, 67, Garden Street, The Groves, York.**
Shining Through—*Because* Britain's "Better Material."

£4: F. **HUMPHREY, Bay Tree Villa, Clifton Road Shefford.**
Thanks To The Black-out—Friends Unrecognised—People Friendlier.

£3: J. **BRANDON, 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.**
Shining Through—Stray Ray May Betray.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

£3: H. E. **CUND, 34, New Road, Studley.**
To Beat The U-Boats—Trust Jack and *Till!*

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

C. H. **BULLOCK, 75, Lance Lane, Liverpool.**
Sink Without Warning—Poilu, On *British* Beer!

Mrs. J. S. **COLLEY, 33, Falkland Mansions, Glasgow.**
Our Ration—Crust, Before We "Crumble."

P. **GEE, "Elveden," 76, Broad Road, Sale, Manchester.**
Price Of New—Price Tickets, Annoyed Profiteer!

W. **GEORGE, 17, Broadway, Coast Road, South Shields.**
Hitler Hopes—Soldiers Successful, Especially Bodyguard!

Mrs. B. **HADCROFT, 11, Flip Road, Haslingden.**
Tired Of Hitler—Fritz, But Gestapo's "Tireless."

W. E. **KENYON, 2b, St. James Road, Blackpool.**
Tired Of Measuring—German Workmen's Sandwiches, Gestapo!

A. R. **MORRIS, 25, Railway Terrace, Skewen.**
United Front—Dad's—*Going* To Reunion.

Miss G. **PLATFORD, 20, Nelson Road North, Gt. Yarmouth, Norfolk.**
Girl In Uniform—Bandaging Him, "Bound" Them.

W. **RICHARD, 3, Gore Avenue, Salford, Lancs.**
Home On Leave—We've Been, Since '18.

Miss A. E. **TERRY, 6, Spencer Gardens, Eltham, London.**
When The Siren Went—Tomcat Recalled Forgotten "Date"!

List of 50 winners of Luxury Cases can be seen at these offices.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent panel of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

N.B. **If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 33, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week**

ENTER on these NEW STAMP or P.O. COUPONS

CUT RIGHT ROUND THIS DOTTED LINE

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

.....

ADDRESS LABEL ABOVE TO YOURSELF—AND SO SECURE A POST-FREE COPY OF "BULLETS" BULLETIN, YOUR FREE GUIDE TO SUCCESS

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,195 — Closing postmark, SAT., NOV. 11.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

NAME and ADDRESS on both LABEL and COUPON

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

For one "Bullet" stick 1½d. stamp to each space above. For two "Bullets" stick additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.

Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any "EXAMPLE"

BRITANNIA'S SEA-DOGS
AFTER HITLER
ON THE SIEGFRIED LINE
USE YOUR BRAINS AND
NICE SOFT JOB
TOUGH ON TOMMY
AUNTIE'S SHELTER
SMOKING RUINS
AMERICA'S NEUTRAL, BUT
GIRL HE LEFT BEHIND
TO KEEP PEOPLE CHEERFUL
WE SAID "NEVER AGAIN!" BUT
A BIT TOO MUCH
VILLAGE GESTAPO
ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES
WAVE OF PESSIMISM
TO PLEASE THE SERGEANT
FATHER'S RATION
WITH A SMILE
WAR TO END WAR

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

WHEN GERMANY .....
..... CHANCE
TO ..... SONNY
OUT OF .....
LONELY .....
IN DAD'S .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

"BULLETS" No. 1,195 — Closing postmark SAT., NOV. 11

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP

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Stick 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so write its number and value across stamp space.

FREE COUPON FOR THIS COMPETITION IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose **TWO** or more paid 6d. (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,195, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,195, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.).

ONE WEEK ONLY
Closing postmark
SATURDAY, NOV. 11

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

It Acts Like Magic!

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of Elasto. Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by Elasto, *the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is Elasto? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that Elasto is not a drug, but a vital cell-food which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating, oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of Elasto Say!

"No sign of varicose veins now."

"My Doctor highly praises Elasto."

"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."

"As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."

"Elasto has quite cured my eczema."

"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of Elasto."

"My Piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."

"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me."

"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."

"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to Elasto, my leg is now completely cured."

"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but Elasto cured me."

"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."

"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to Elasto."

"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."

"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded: the results are magic."

"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."

"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., Etc.

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of ELASTO, the wonderful new Biomedical remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Why is Elasto the Greatest of all Remedies For RHEUMATISM?

Because rheumatism is a *circulatory disease* and the treatment usually given for this widespread complaint is merely designed to counteract acidity. *Acid blood is not the cause of rheumatism, it is merely a symptom.* It is a physiological fact, not generally recognised, that a sluggish circulation, causing, as it does, *a deficiency of oxygen* in the blood and tissues and thus allowing an accumulation of toxic, waste material, is the real cause of rheumatism. Elasto re-establishes normal, healthy circulation and in doing so removes not only the symptoms, *but the cause of rheumatism.*

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE ELASTO MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

ELASTO (DEPT. 15.D), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

Sold by Chemists Everywhere

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of Elasto ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of Elasto," fully explaining how Elasto, The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

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.....

.....

J.B. No. 41139.

(Issued by the New Era Treatment Co. Ltd.)

Elasto will save you pounds!

F.20 J.B.L.96 83*

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